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DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE™

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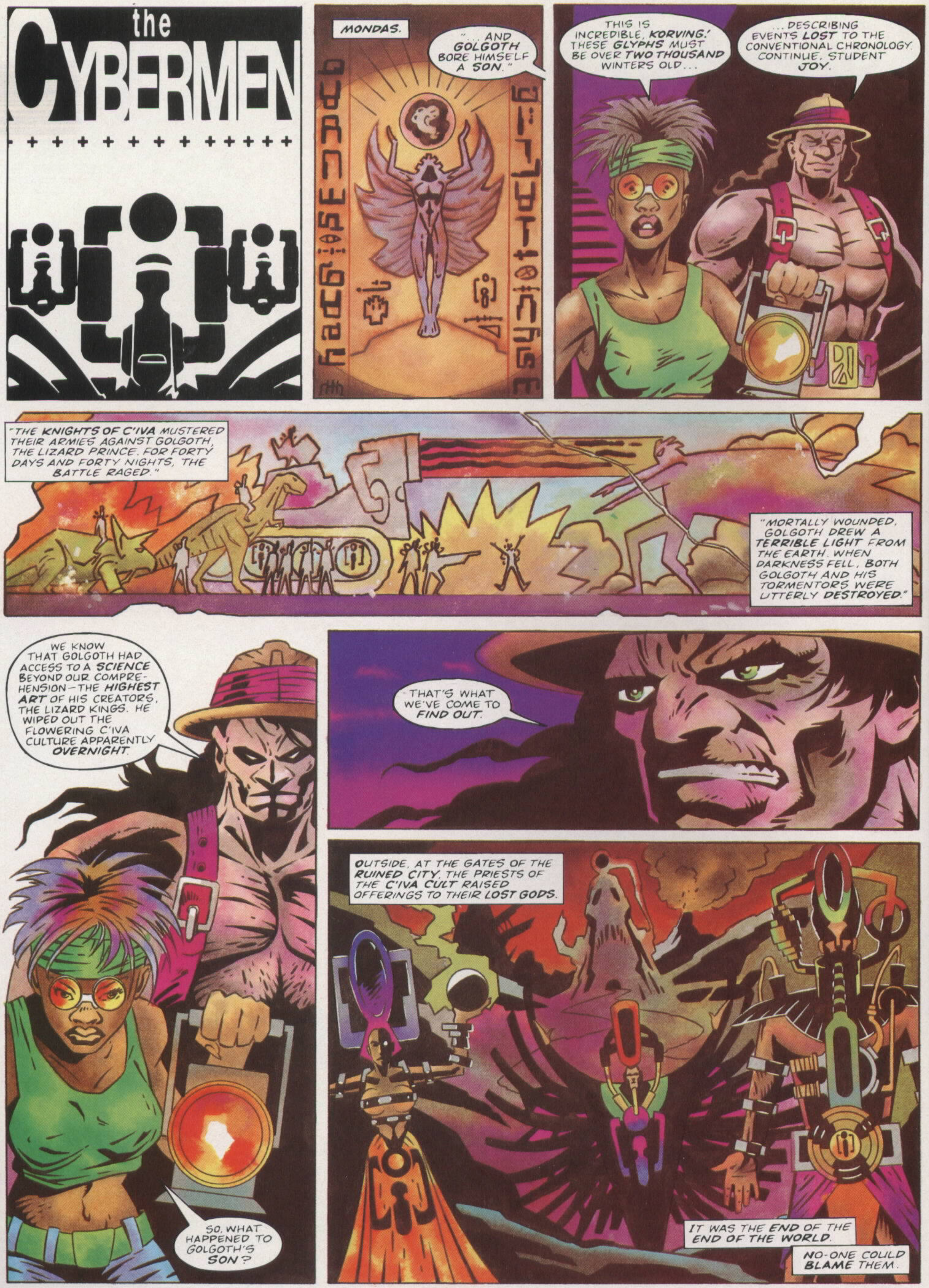
"There's millions of them!"

The Zygons

through the eyes of Class 4G


the CYBERMEN
MONDAS.
"... AND GOLGOTH BORE HIMSELF A SON."
THIS IS INCREDIBLE, KORVING! THESE GLYPHS MUST BE OVER TWO THOUSAND WINTERS OLD...
...DESCRIBING EVENTS LOST TO THE CONVENTIONAL CHRONOLOGY. CONTINUE, STUDENT JOY.
"THE KNIGHTS OF C'IVA MUSTERED THEIR ARMIES AGAINST GOLGOTH, THE LIZARD PRINCE. FOR FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS, THE BATTLE RAGED."
"MORTALLY WOUNDED, GOLGOTH DREW A TERRIBLE LIGHT FROM THE EARTH. WHEN DARKNESS FELL, BOTH GOLGOTH AND HIS TORMENTORS WERE UTTERLY DESTROYED."
WE KNOW THAT GOLGOTH HAD ACCESS TO A SCIENCE BEYOND OUR COMPREHENSION—THE HIGHEST ART OF HIS CREATORS, THE LIZARD KINGS. HE WIPED OUT THE FLOWERING C'IVA CULTURE APPARENTLY OVERNIGHT.
THAT'S WHAT WE'VE COME TO FIND OUT.
SO, WHAT HAPPENED TO GOLGOTH'S SON?
OUTSIDE, AT THE GATES OF THE RUINED CITY, THE PRIESTS OF THE C'IVA CULT RAISED OFFERINGS TO THEIR LOST GODS.
IT WAS THE END OF THE END OF THE WORLD.
NO-ONE COULD BLAME THEM.

I'm absolutely delighted that BBC Video has decided, with great taste and discretion, to release *The Hand of Fear* in February.

Doctor Who has been a series that has entertained me, thrilled me, maddened me and surprised me; but only twice has it ever made me cry.

The last time it happened was during Part One of *The Leisure Hive*. Watching that story was an upsetting enough experience itself, given the number of shocking changes I had to endure in its first few minutes, as I came to realise that many of the familiar elements of the show I loved had gone. However, after Romana threw her beachball, shouted "Fetch" and then screamed as K9 trundled trustingly into an explosive encounter with the English Channel, I threw myself on the floor and wailed. It was the last straw. The remainer of the episode was entirely out-of-focus due to my tears.

Luckily, at nine years of age I already had a few flimsy emotional barriers and defences erected, and the effect of these – and a strong desire not to be seen "crying like a girl" (my father's phrase) – meant that I made a relatively rapid recovery. The same could certainly not be said of my first, and by far my most traumatic *Doctor Who* viewing experience.

Sarah Jane Smith abandoned me when I was only five. There should be child protection laws against that sort of neglect of responsibility. I'd always been far more interested in Sarah's adventures than the Doctor's and, even though I can remember very little about my real life in 1976, I can vividly recall the feelings of panic that set in when she stood on Not-Hillview Crescent and watched the TARDIS leave without her.

The real agony was that she didn't want to go. She had teased the Doctor about leaving, but she wanted to stay; there was so much more to see. They were best friends and she couldn't understand why it all had to end. Neither could I.

She's been back of course, but it was never the *real* Sarah. *The Five Doctors* came closest to getting it right, but *Downtime* and even my beloved *K9 and Company* were wide of the mark. For some reason the writers concerned seemed to think Sarah was some kind of high-powered journalist, when she was really no more than an excited little girl – the type who might wear dungarees or a pair of mittens attached by string through her coat sleeves. The reality of the situation was, of course, that 'Journalist' was never more than a word on a character outline. Sarah had no family, friends, background or job, and that's because she represented all of us. Admittedly, that is true of almost every companion in the series, but they're just also-rans compared to Sarah.

The character's enthusiasm and sense of humour, and the remarkable talent of the actress who played her, make Sarah the very best.

But I've still never forgiven her for leaving me . . .

Gary

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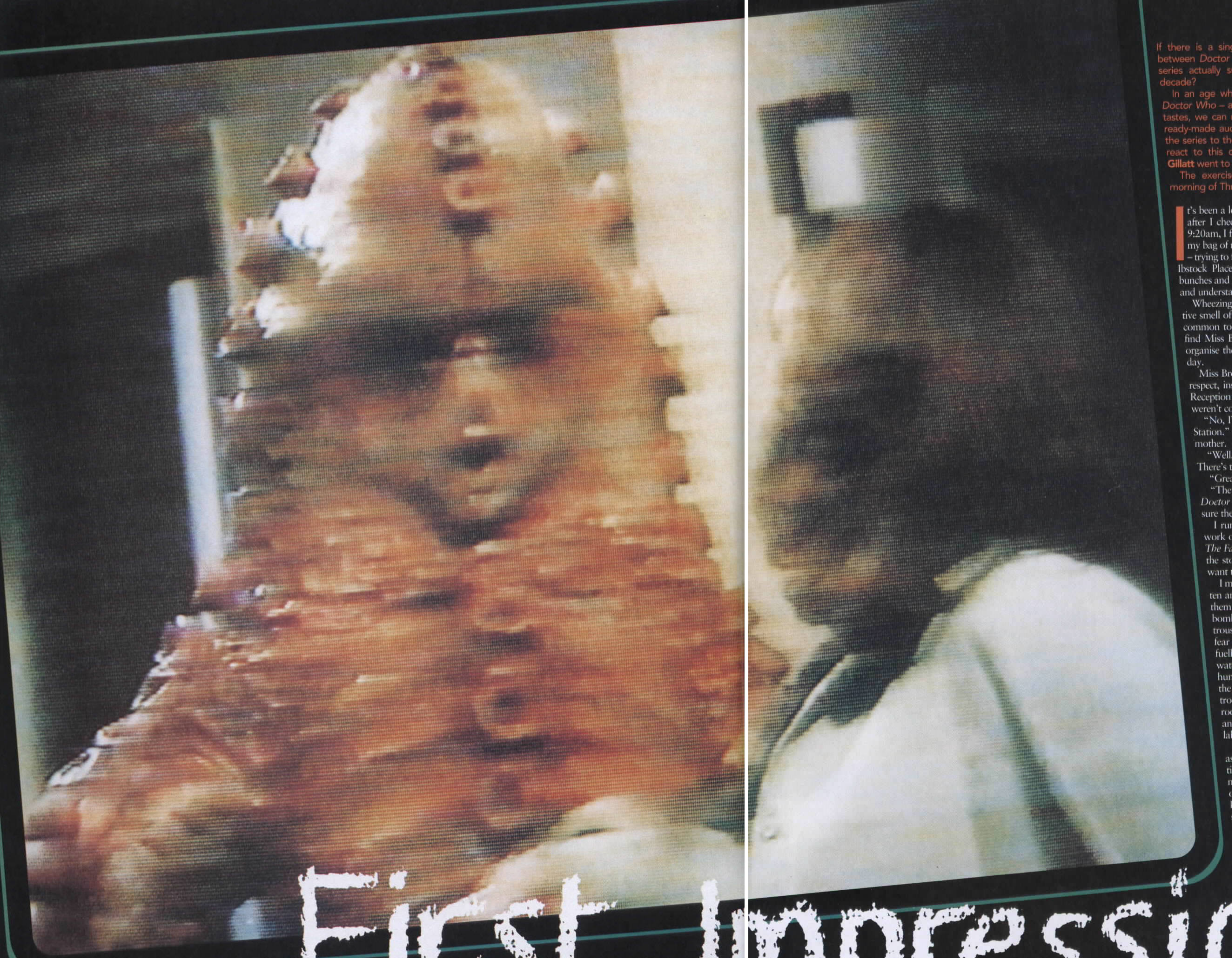


First Impressions

If there is a single question that has dominated discussions between *Doctor Who* fans in the Nineties, it is this: could the series actually survive in this high-tech, computer-orientated decade?

In an age when children – always the crucial audience for *Doctor Who* – are becoming increasingly sophisticated in their tastes, we can no longer assume that the Doctor will have a ready-made audience when he returns. DWM decided to put the series to the test: how would a classroom of ten-year-olds react to this old-fashioned science fiction adventure? Gary Gillatt went to find out.

The exercise took place, appropriately enough, on the morning of Thursday the 23rd of November . . .

It's been a long time since I was last late for school. However, after I check my watch and discover the time to be nearly 9:20am, I find myself running at full tilt along the pavement – my bag of notes and assorted other kit banging against my leg – trying to forestall my new teacher's wrath. The main door to Ibstock Place School is held open by a polite little girl with bunches and a clarinet case. She spares me a look of compassion and understanding before heading off down a corridor.

Wheezing in the hallway, I take a moment to enjoy the evocative smell of disinfectant, chalk dust and gym shoes that seems common to every school in the country, before setting off to find Miss Brooks, who has generously given up her time to organise the day's activities, and is to be my 'minder' for the day.

Miss Brooks who, against my deeply ingrained instinct for respect, insists on being called by her first name, Kini, is in Reception when I get there. "I thought you'd got lost or weren't coming, or maybe I'd got confused about the time."

"No, I'm just late. It was difficult getting a bus at Barnes Station." I wonder if I should have brought a note from my mother.

"Well, we'd better get going. I've got them in the Library. There's ten; five girls and five boys. Is that okay?"

"Great. What are the rest of the class doing?"

"They're with their teacher, Sarah Grey, watching some *Doctor Who* she taped off the telly last night. She's making sure they don't get jealous."

I run through the UK Gold schedule in my head and work out that the others are about to enjoy an episode of *The Face of Evil*. Given the number of times I've watched the story I've brought along – in preparation – I almost want to join them.

I meet the kids, a subset of class Junior 4G, all between ten and twelve years old. There seems to be hundreds of them – they just don't stop moving. I'm immediately bombarded with sarcastic comments regarding my trousers and trainers, which appear to fascinate them. I fear that the focused force of enthusiasm in the room – fuelled by the group missing French, being asked to watch television all morning *and* having a visitor to humiliate – is in danger of blowing out the windows. At the teacher's request, we form an orderly crocodile and troop along corridors to the Information Technology room which is to be our viewing room for the morning and, if we regard the exercise as an experiment, my laboratory.

Admittedly, 'experiment' may be the wrong word, as the project I have planned is not particularly scientific – I do not have a defined hypothesis, and I have nothing in particular to prove. All I want to do is observe. I want to take a group of children who know very little or nothing about *Doctor Who* and sit them down in front of a representative four-part story and record their reactions. I want to know whether – in their world of Rita Repulsa and the Power Rangers, Lois and Clark, Patsy and Edina – the antics of the Doctor and his companions would be of any interest. I want to know if the series, when boiled down to its key elements, has a place on the TV screens and within the psyche of a new generation of viewers.

You may quibble with my choice of research group. You may think the children too young, or argue with my inferred definition of *Doctor Who* as a children's programme. In response, I would claim that *Doctor Who* was at its most successful when it was watched by the whole family, and it is a family audience the series must recapture if it is to secure a healthy new life in the brave new world of Nineties television.

Hence the opinion of ten-year-olds around the world – including these members of Class 4G at Ibstock – is critical. We should listen carefully to what they have to say, and try to find out what they want. Perhaps they want movie-standard special effects. Perhaps they want a team of uniformed heroes battling badly-dubbed Japanese super-villains. Or perhaps they want exactly the same thing we all wanted at the age of ten – a good story, well-told.

The blurred mass of children circulating around me eventually breaks up into ten discrete, smiling bodies, each of which settles on a chair, desk or patch of carpet as I call for their attention. All except Willy, who still buzzes around the back of the classroom – enthusiastic but somewhat hyperactive. I struggle vainly to maintain some illusion of control as I ask the group to tell me their names (one of them, appropriately, bears the same name as *Doctor Who*'s first producer, Verity) and the names of their favourite television programmes, so I can discover what they watch and enjoy on television at the moment. I invite them to use my first name, which I suspect is taken as a sign of weakness. I have a sudden flashback of how my class at school once reduced a student geography teacher to tears. Kini comes to my rescue with some well-chosen words and remarkable voice projection. In the momentary lull, I ask how many of them have heard of *Doctor Who*. All but one put their hands up. James is able to tell me what it was about.

"Doctor Who is a scientist sort of person who goes into space and then there's all these monsters that come and get him." Has he ever seen it? "Yes, about a year ago. It was on Channel Four." A voice from behind me adds, "He goes in a telephone box and travels to different places."

I wonder if anyone can tell me how long it was on television for. Ben has an answer.

"I think it was on for about half-an-hour." Yes indeed, but how many years was it on for? "Oh, about fifty."Other voices chime out around me. "Sixty years. Forty-five. Fifty. Fifty-five."

I take a few moments to fill in a little background about *Doctor Who*. They are keen to start watching and I know that I will bore them if I present them with a detailed production history. I tell them that they will be watching a story called *Terror of the Zygons* (see inset left), and give a little information about the Doctor, Sarah, Harry and the Brigadier. They show me how to operate the video and we settle down to watch the story.

PART ONE

I had watched the serial the previous week with adult friends, and they had laughed heartily at the opening sequence which seemingly shows the destruction of a one-foot-tall oil rig in an underlit bath. They warned me that the demanding, wised-up, "ten-year-old-of-today" would be equally critical.

However, my new viewing companions are quiet throughout the episode, and there is not a smile or a chuckle as the huge bulk of Bonnie Prince Charlie rig crumbles into the moonlit North Sea. In fact, there are only a few murmured indications of satisfaction or scorn during the next twenty-five minutes. Some laugh at the Brigadier's

Choosing the story

We wanted a *Doctor Who* adventure that would fulfil certain criteria. The serial should:

A Be complete and in colour. We decided that black-and-white would present too much of a barrier, and would limit the group's ability to easily compare the series with the programmes they watch today.

B Be no more than four episodes. We wanted to view a complete story in one day. A six-parter would be unfeasible. A strong cliff-hanger at the end of the first episode would also help to maintain interest in less-than-ideal viewing conditions.

C Have a comprehensible and rewarding storyline. We thought that the group would have enough difficulty absorbing the basic format and style of the show – we didn't want to make it any harder.

D Not require too much 'pre-knowledge' of the main characters or a detailed understanding of *Doctor Who* continuity. The story should not be a sequel.

E Contain representative *Doctor Who* story elements including monsters and well-handled cliff-hangers.

F Be representative of general *Doctor Who* production standards.

From this and a few other more subtle factors, we drew up a short list of:

Carnival of Monsters
The Time Warrior
The Ark in Space
Terror of the Zygons
The Robots of Death
Horror of Fang Rock
The Visitation

Many serials post 1982 were ruled out by factors **C** and **D** above.

Finally, we decided that a 'modern-day' Earth setting would make the material seem 'closer to home'. This led to the ultimate selection of *Terror of the Zygons*.

Alex
Age 11 years 3 months
Favourite TV programmes
Neighbours
Live and Kicking

Ben
Age 10 years 6 months
Favourite TV programmes
Mighty Morph'n Power Rangers
VR Troopers

Duncan
Age 10 years 7 months
Favourite TV programmes
The New Adventures of Superman
Spider-Man Adventures

Erin
Age 10 years 4 months
Favourite TV programmes
Absolutely Fabulous
2 point 4 Children

James
Age 10 years 4 months
Favourite TV programmes
The Mask
Spider-Man Adventures

The video was excellent because it was full of action and drama. **Alex**

description of the rigs as "three-legged spiders in wellington boots". Some indicate concern at Sister Lamont's assurances to Harry that "all his troubles are over." All seem impressed as a Zygon makes its first full appearance and Sarah's scream slides into the closing theme.

Still interested in the rig sequence, I ask what they thought of the opening scene. Jo politely puts her hand up.

"When the man was just sitting there in the oil rig, and then it all fell down, it really brought you into the story."

Did anyone find the beginning boring? "Yes," says Duncan, "I found the end quite a lot more exciting, because the monsters came in and you heard all that funny noise, and you saw the big monster that was chewing up the oil rigs."

I ask if there were any particular bits that people didn't like. James leans towards my microphone. "It was a bit boring when the men were walking on the moor, it was like . . ." he searches for the right word and then settles for just rolling his eyes and wagging his head in a bored way.

Jo adds, "In some bits I found it hard to follow, but when you keep on watching they explain a lot more about what's happening."

If they turned on their TV on a Saturday evening at half-past-five and watched that episode, would they tune in the following week to see more? "Yes," several say. "Definitely!" "Of course!" are the affirmations of others.

I point out that *The New Adventures of Superman* is now on at the time when *Doctor Who* used to be shown. I ask Jo, who had told me it was her favourite programme, why she likes it. "I think it's very adventurous. I like adventurous stories, and I like the character of Lois Lane. I've seen the movie, but I didn't like it nearly as much as the TV show."

No-one has listed *Star Trek* – traditionally seen as *Doctor Who*'s rival in popularity, and almost certainly a model for any American co-production – as a favourite. I mention this, but Karri is quick to point out that he enjoys it. "I like the way they have all the mechanical stuff in it. I like the make-up they use as well." I observe that one of the main differences between modern *Star Trek* and *Doctor Who* is that the American series rarely has monsters in it. Karri argues the point – "They don't have monsters, but they have aliens from all kind of planets" – but someone else shouts out, "They all look the same!"

Ben has particular reasons for liking *Star Trek*. "If they are under attack in the Enterprise, I like the graphics they have when they are going to shoot something."

I wonder what they thought of the special effects in *Doctor Who*. What about the appearance of the Zygon at the end of the episode?

Duncan is the first with his hand up. "The monster is all warty and different colours and it's got a massive great head that's all green." But was it a good monster? "Yes. In *Star Trek* you have all these different aliens and they're, like, deformed, their ears are spikey or something, but most of them just have different clothes on, which makes it a bit boring," he replies, and in the process tells a highly-paid but creatively cautious Paramount production team that they didn't get away with it after all. "*Doctor Who* monsters are totally different to *Star Trek* ones because they're really strange aliens who can do better things."

Changing the subject, I ask about the quality of the acting. No-one thinks the episode was badly acted, but there are a few comments on the lead character, who they find difficult to warm to. "He was really weird," says Ben. "He wasn't listening to everyone else. He was just playing with his radio or whatever – his jamming thing." Why was that? "It's cos he's not bothered. He came, like, 296,000,000 miles just to deal with oil rigs falling down. He wasn't very happy about it. He's more used to worrying about monsters and the Daleks and things like that."

Jo says that she didn't like the Doctor. "His hair really gets on my nerves," she giggles. "He's got too much hair."

"Yeah," chips in Duncan. "He could be one of the monsters. He sits there with massive great eyes staring at a blank wall. He's like a zombie."

Willy disagrees. "I think the way Doctor Who acted was good, because he made it realistic. He was quite a weird person so he was interesting as well."

I hush their pleas to say more and tell them that it's time to watch Part Two.

PART TWO

The group is less quiet this time and seem more inclined to make comments on the production and chat about aspects of the story. When two Zygons drag Harry before their leader, a voice out of the darkness exclaims, with barely-surpressed awe, "There's millions of them!" I smile to myself. The production team could, in fact, only afford three costumes, so the other 999,997 are likely to stay in the next room. Part-way through the episode, Willy realises that Huckle, the oil company official, is supposed to be American, effectively condemning actor Tony Sibbald's performance to that point. Very politely, many of them also fill me in on the goings-on in the part of the episode I miss when I pop outside to check my tape-recorder.

Then, just as Sarah follows Zygon-Harry into the darkened barn, something I always believed to be a press cliché actually occurs. Karri quietly says "Oh-oh," and moves to watch from underneath his desk, through the legs of the chairs. If there was a sofa in the room, I think he would be behind it. However, my warm feeling of "Aah, perhaps some things will never change," is brutally dispelled as Willy gleefully shouts "Stab her!" when 'Harry' produces the pitch-fork.

Jo

Age 10 years 9 months

Favourite TV programmes

The New Adventures of Superman

Absolutely Fabulous

Karri

Age 11 years

Favourite TV programmes

The Mask

The Addams Family

Ruby

Age 10 years 4 months

Favourite TV programmes

Neighbours

Home and Away

Verity

Age 10 years 6 months

Favourite TV programmes

Neighbours

Mr Bean

Willy

Age 11 years 2 months

Favourite TV programmes

Gladiators

BBC Children's

After the video is switched off, I ask them when they think the story was made. 1955, 1950, 1960, 1960, 1962, 1961, 1962, 1974, 1962, 1968 are their answers. Wondering what made them choose those years, I pick on one of those who said 1960.

"The colour of the thing makes it seem a lot older that it probably is. It didn't have much colour in."

"And the way it was filmed," Willy adds. "Like when he was being chased by the Loch Ness Monster and looked one way and then the other. That was old-fashioned."

Duncan has something to say about the Skarasen. "Well, *Jurassic Park* basically copied him completely. It was a massive, fat, big, scaly dinosaur." What did you think of *Jurassic Park*'s dinosaurs compared to that one? "*Jurassic Park*'s are much better." But could he believe in the *Doctor Who* monster? "Oh yes . . . just."

Some are unhappy with it – "I thought it was totally unrealistic." "Same with me." "It was just like an overgrown tortoise." – but James is more tolerant. "Back in the Seventies that was the best you could do, you couldn't get much better than that."

But what about the Zygons?

"I thought they were very realistic," says Jo. "The way they talked – the whole of their cheeks and everything moved as they talked which made them look very real." James agrees. "I thought they were really good. I liked the way their spaceship wasn't a big metal thing and was like them – all squidgy and bloody." The spaceship interior had gone down very well. During the episode, they had all mimicked Broton at the console when he ordered "total dispersion" of Madra, pursing their lips and frantically waggling imaginary controls.

Jo liked the scene that had caused Karri problems: Harry's pitch-fork attack on Sarah in the barn – a scene which was trimmed on the serial's commercial video release in order to secure the tape a PG certificate. I told her that in the Seventies, people thought that scene was too scary for children.

She shrugs. "It was quite scary, but it wouldn't make you have nightmares."

Willy expands on the point. "It depends on how old you are. If you were six or something it would be too much. It's okay if you're ten, but at twelve or thirteen you wouldn't be scared at all. I scare easily, but I didn't get frightened by that."

Looking to place the programme into a modern perspective, I ask who regularly watches *Power Rangers*. All but one put their hands up. "I never, ever, miss it. I never, ever, ever, miss it," intones an unidentified voice at the back, with a hint of almost religious fervour. I wonder how the story they're watching compares to the storyline in an episode of *Power Rangers*. Jo is as eager as ever to contribute. "*Power Rangers* doesn't really have much of a story. It just has the fighting. There's not really a story."

My final question before we watch the third episode – what would they watch if Part Three of *Terror of the Zygons* was on opposite *Power Rangers* – receives a very positive response for *Doctor Who*. Duncan makes a point about the two series' differing formats. "With *Doctor Who* you've got to watch next week to see what happens. In *Power Rangers* each episode is separate, so you can miss one and not worry about not being able to follow the next. Most of them are exactly the same anyway."

PART THREE

The episode passes almost without comment from the stalls. During the end credits, I ask for any general observations. Jo, however, wants to be more specific. "When the nurse had been shot as a monster and then changed back into a nurse, the blood on her arm was very fake. It looked like it had been molded in plasticine or something."

Verity is generous with her praise. "I thought it was all really, really good. Especially when the spaceship came through the water."

Willy, once again going against the flow, is pessimistic. "I think the end of the last episode is going to be really bad. Like most things, the end is going to be all sloppy, and that's no good if it's built up for four episodes."

Everyone does agree, however, that the sinister Sister Lamont is very unnerving. In fact, almost all of the group can already do a passable imitation of her, hissing, "It's alright. You're going to be just fine," or "It's just a scratch." Erin knows what makes a monster disguised as a nurse more scary than the monster itself. "She's scary because she's real. You're going to be scared when you go to the doctors."

Alex makes an unexpected comparison. "I didn't like the nurse because she had that horrible stare, a really glassy stare. Just like Doctor Who himself."

Once again, I ask them to compare what they are watching to their usual television diet. Willy chooses *Power Rangers* as his reference point again and says, "*Doctor Who* spends more money on the storyline than on special effects." Is the story more important than the effects? "You can forgive a bad special effect but you can't forgive a bad story. The effects have only got to be *good enough*. In some programmes they take too much time on the effects. They work out the story, but then they think, 'Oh, we'll get the story done quickly so we can start working out special effects to make it look good. I wish someone would tell people who make TV programmes that we're bothered about more than just good special effects."

Ruby also has a high opinion of *Doctor Who*'s priorities. "It's good that they spend as much time getting the clothes and acting and everything right, as they do on the effects."

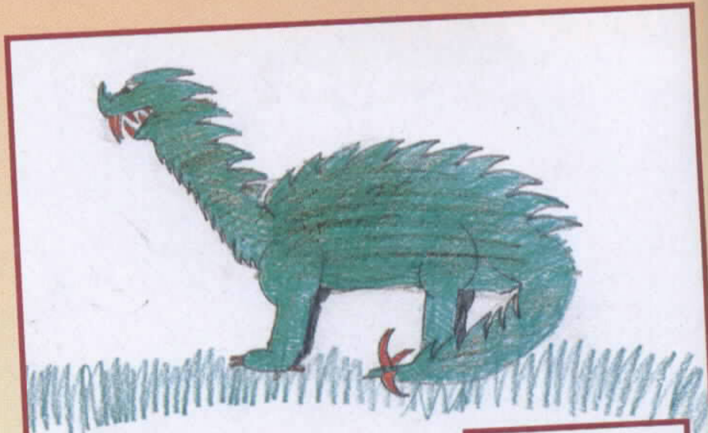
Some of the boys seems slightly alarmed by this line of thought, and signal caution. "If you have really rubbish special effects then you can get bored. You do want something really massive to blow up every now and again." I promise to arrange a really big explosion for Part Four.

Willy neatly demonstrates how *Doctor Who*'s five-year absence from our screens, barring the odd repeat, has given his age-group a strange view of the series' nature. "The thing I hate most about *Doctor Who*," he says firmly, "is that in each story, whether it's four episodes or whatever, there is a different Doctor Who. There's this one we've watched with the big hair, and there's the other one who just wears the hat. It's always different." I wonder if he's remembering Sylvester McCoy, before asking the group if anyone has seen another actor playing *Doctor Who*.

The nurse was the Scar
because of her icey Sta
solomn face.

"There's this other story where the Doctor is really, really grey and he's an old grump."

When I ask if anyone has seen the Daleks, almost all respond positively, and many start chanting "Exterminate, Exterminate!"



The Skarasen by Willy

Over this, I hear a small voice ask if the Daleks are "the ones that go round on wheels", but any reply is drowned out by more choice Terry Nation dialogue. I decide to start the video.

PART FOUR

Twenty-five minutes later the Zygon invasion has been repelled, the Skarasen is back in Loch Ness and the Doctor and Sarah are off on another adventure.

Verity is the first off the blocks. "I thought that had a really good ending." Other voices threaten to smother hers, "It was great!" "The explosion was brilliant!"

I ask them to put a hand up if they were disppointed by the ending. Only Duncan's hand goes up. "They killed everyone on the spaceship just like that," he says, clicking his fingers. "And they found the right place in London just at the right time."

James defends the plotting of the story. "It's because they had the proof already."

Looking like she is about to burst, Jo is keen to be heard. "There's only one thing I can really say about that movie and that's that I think it was just brilliant!"

Ruby is unsure of a few things; she had had to leave during Part Two to attend a music lesson. "I don't understand how the last Zygon survived and got to London." Everyone helpfully explains about the true nature of the Duke of Forgill, and how he left the ship before it exploded. Ruby nods, "I didn't understand that."

Back to our favourite subject: special effects. What did they think about the Skarasen's spectacular final appearance? Someone shouts "Wicked!", but Jo is more damning. "I thought it was really funny." Verity agrees. "It was *so* unrealistic." But Erin doesn't want any aspect of the serial to be criticised. "I thought it was all brilliant," she says.

st I think,
e and her

Ruby

Ruby is still having problems. "But what was the actual aim of the monsters doing what they did?"

James neatly summarises the plot for her, without a pause for breath. "Their planet got muffed up or something and they went to Earth to try and take it over using humans as slaves so they could recreate their world. Basically."

I offer them a chance to make any final points.

Alex: "I loved the film, but the dinosaur wasn't very realistic."

Ruby: "If somebody asked me what my three favourite programmes were now, like you did, then that would be one of them."

Verity: "I thought it was really good, but it was a bit slow at the beginning."

Ben: "I liked how they had it in four episodes."

I explain that normally the story would have been shown over four weeks, so it would have taken a whole month to see how it ended.

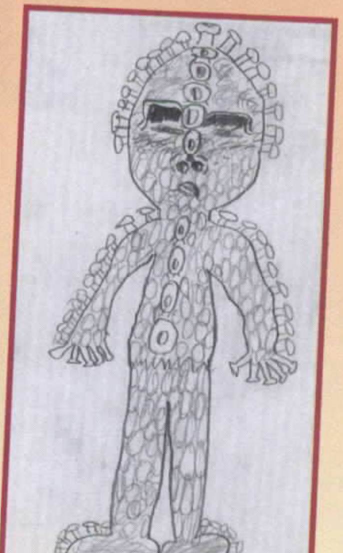
Willy: "I disagree with Ben. A month is a long time to wait to see the end of what is just a two-hour film."

Jo: "I would watch that. It's one of those films that I would want to watch on a rainy day."

James: "I thought it was quite good. I wouldn't mind having to wait for the next episode. It makes you want to watch it. If you had to watch all that in one go you would probably stop half-way through."

Karri: "I thought the whole thing was good. The special effects aren't as good as *Star Trek*, but it didn't matter because the acting and the story were so good."

Ben. "I really liked all of it. I loved the fungi in the spaceship. Like Ruby said, if I had to do a list of my best programmes, I'd probably put it as my second-best programme."



Broton by Karri

EPILOGUE

So, four episodes later, what have we learnt from Class 4G? Their response to the series has been enthusiastic and almost overwhelmingly positive. They have championed the importance of a good story above all other factors, including special effects and such gimmickry. They have shown that *Doctor Who* – when it takes care to cater for the general viewer and not bury its head in its own mythology – still has a place on teatime television.

This is not to say that a new series should be made exclusively for children; quite the reverse, as most modern 'children's adventure programming' – especially that aimed at an international market – is designed to feed a greedy merchandising machine, with accountants and product consultants dissecting scripts to introduce ten extra uniformed characters to sell as four-inch plastic figures. No, *Doctor Who* should always be made for the *entire* family – never just for the children, the adults or, most damagingly, the fans. It should amaze the youngest members of the family, delight their elder siblings and entertain – and never embarrass – the parents.

Most importantly, my new friends have highlighted what a short-sighted decision the cancellation of *Doctor Who* has proved to be. The series may have lost its primary audience in its last years, but it remains as relevant today as it was on the Saturday afternoon of November 23rd 1963. Its ability to engage the imagination, to excite, to frighten and to thrill is undiminished.

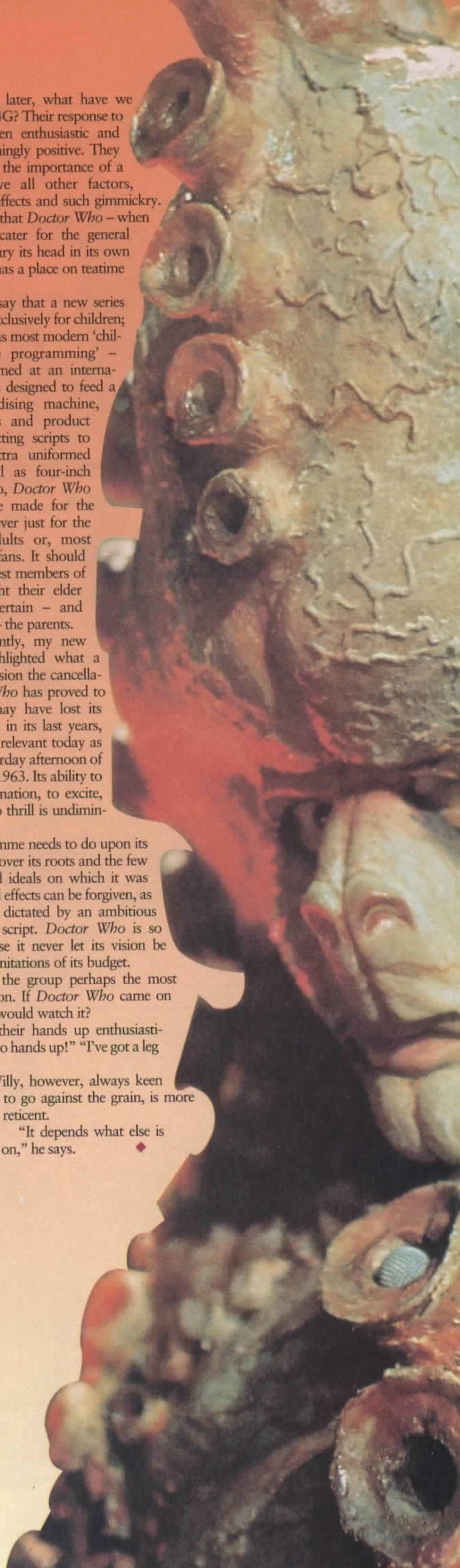
All the programme needs to do upon its return is to rediscover its roots and the few key concepts and ideals on which it was built. Poor special effects can be forgiven, as long as they are dictated by an ambitious and imaginative script. *Doctor Who* is so well-loved because it never let its vision be dictated by the limitations of its budget.

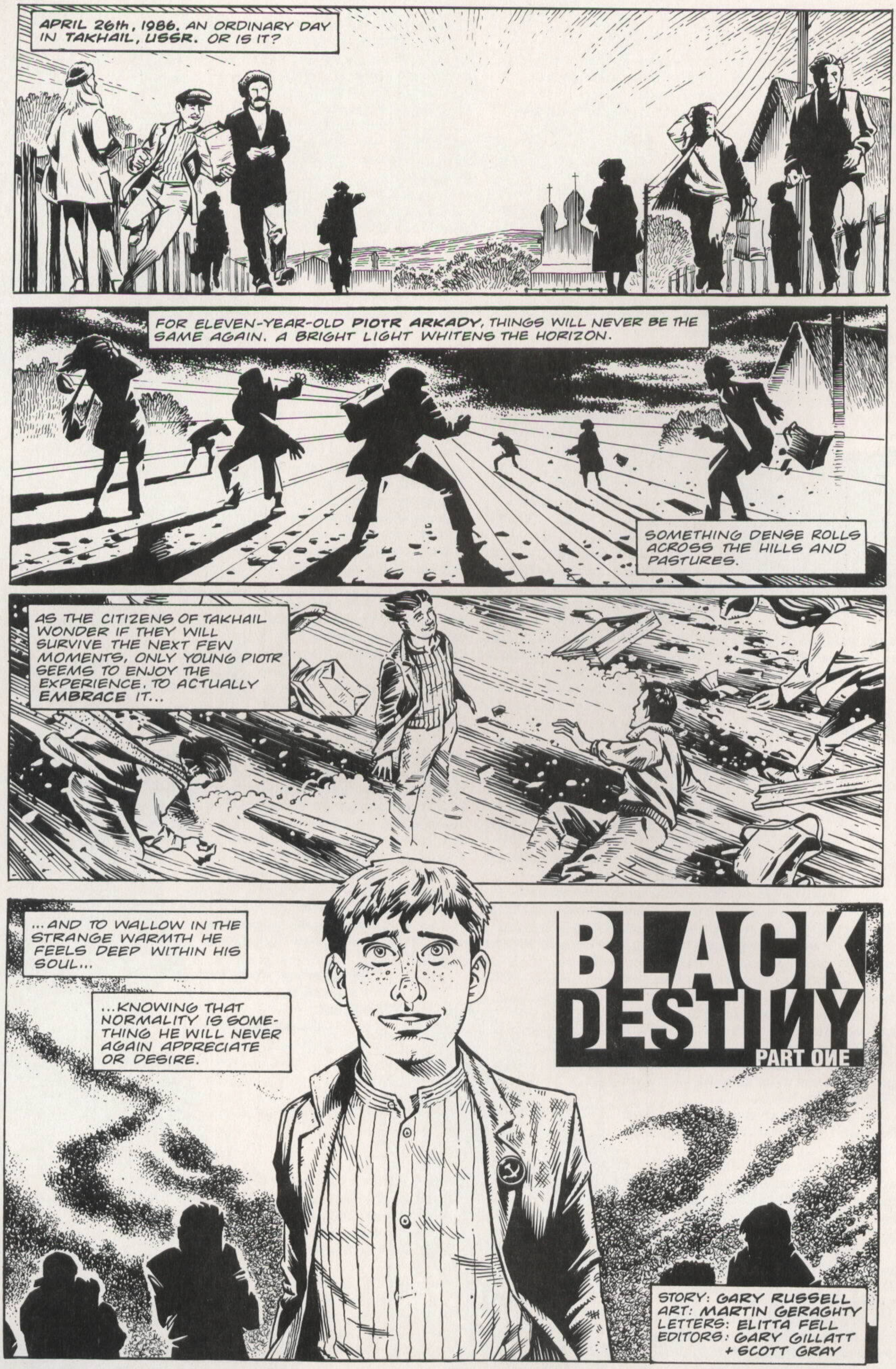
Finally, I ask the group perhaps the most important question. If *Doctor Who* came on next week, who would watch it?

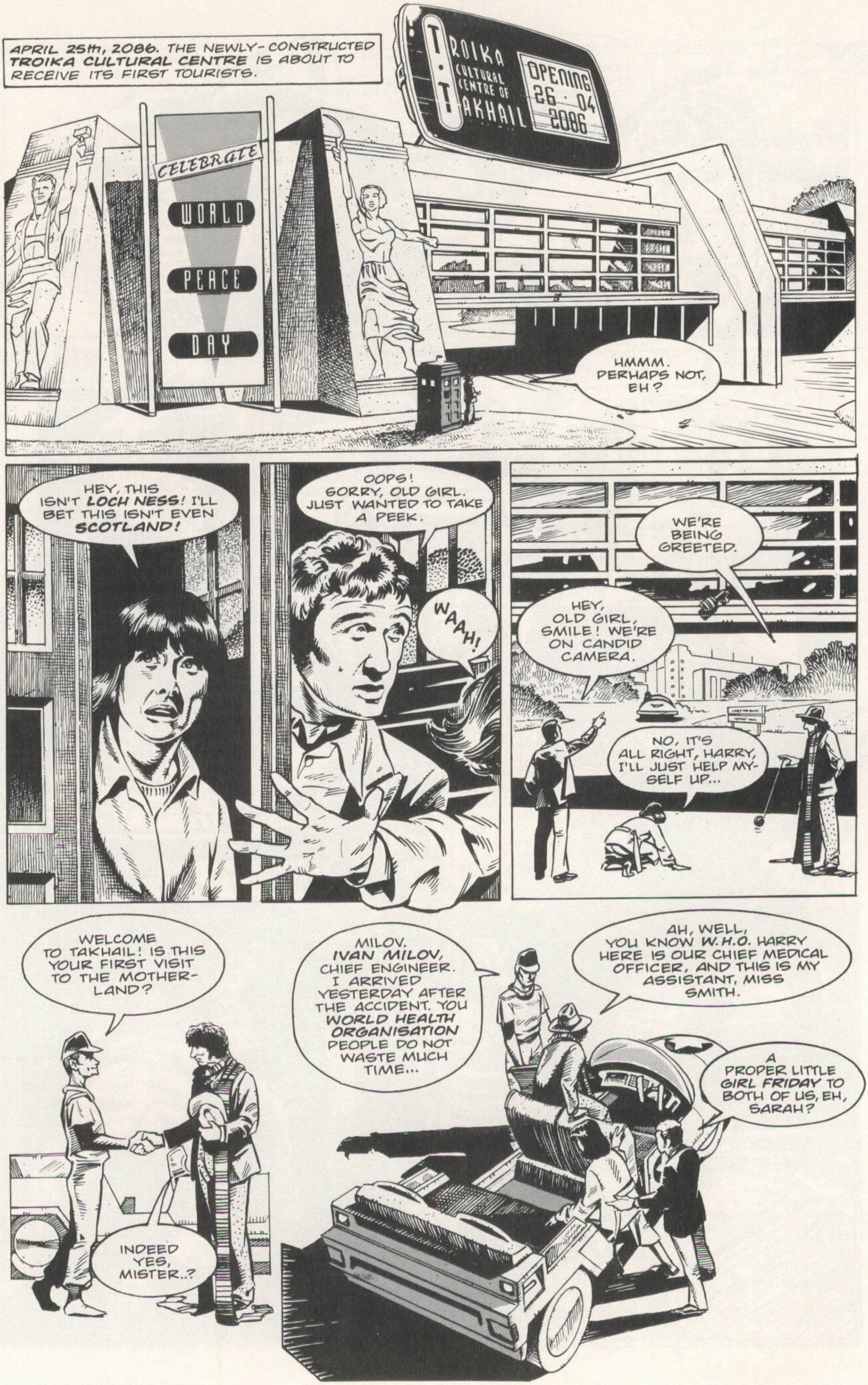
They all put their hands up enthusiastically. "I've got two hands up!" "I've got a leg as well!"

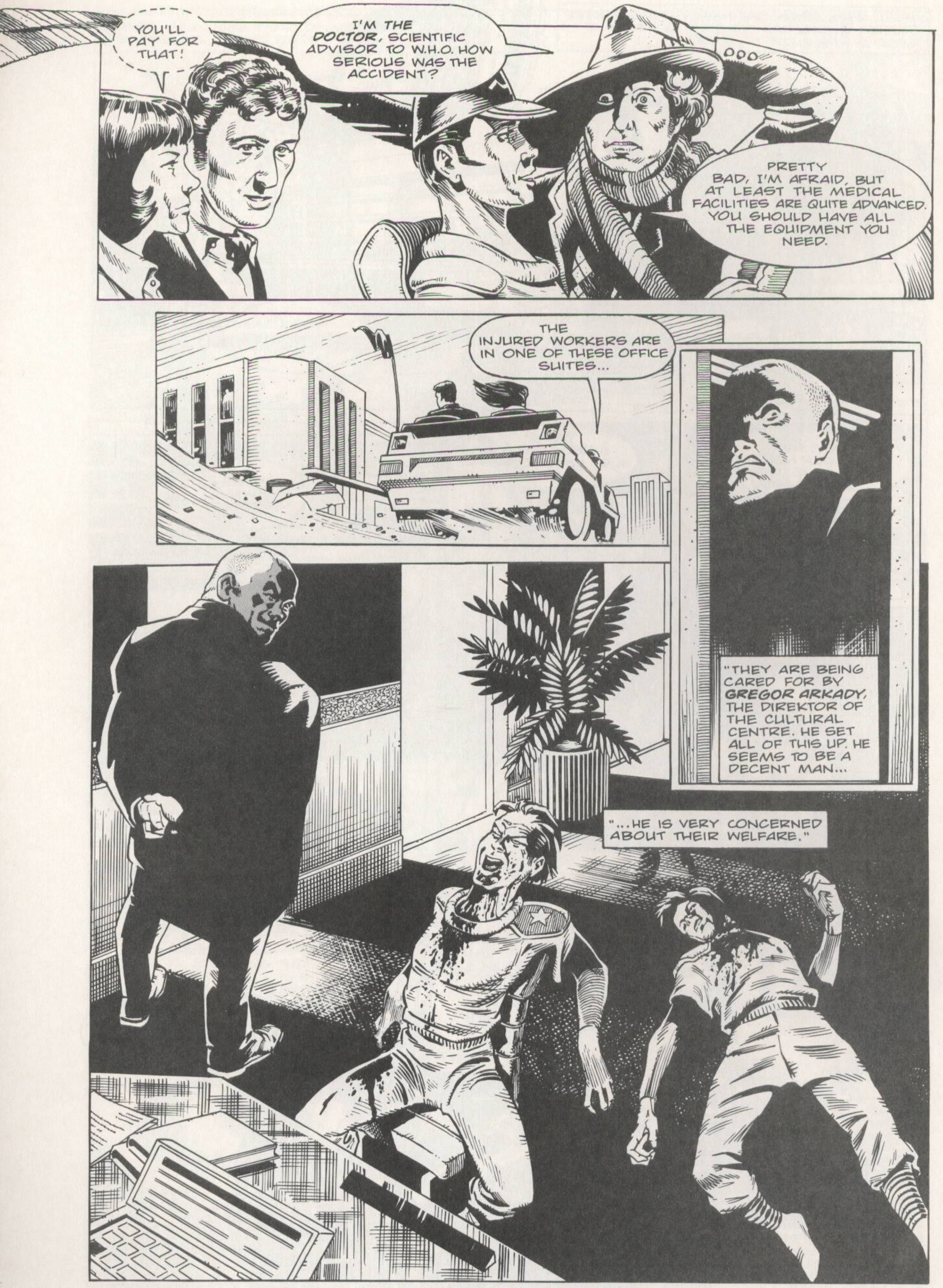
Willy, however, always keen to go against the grain, is more reticent.

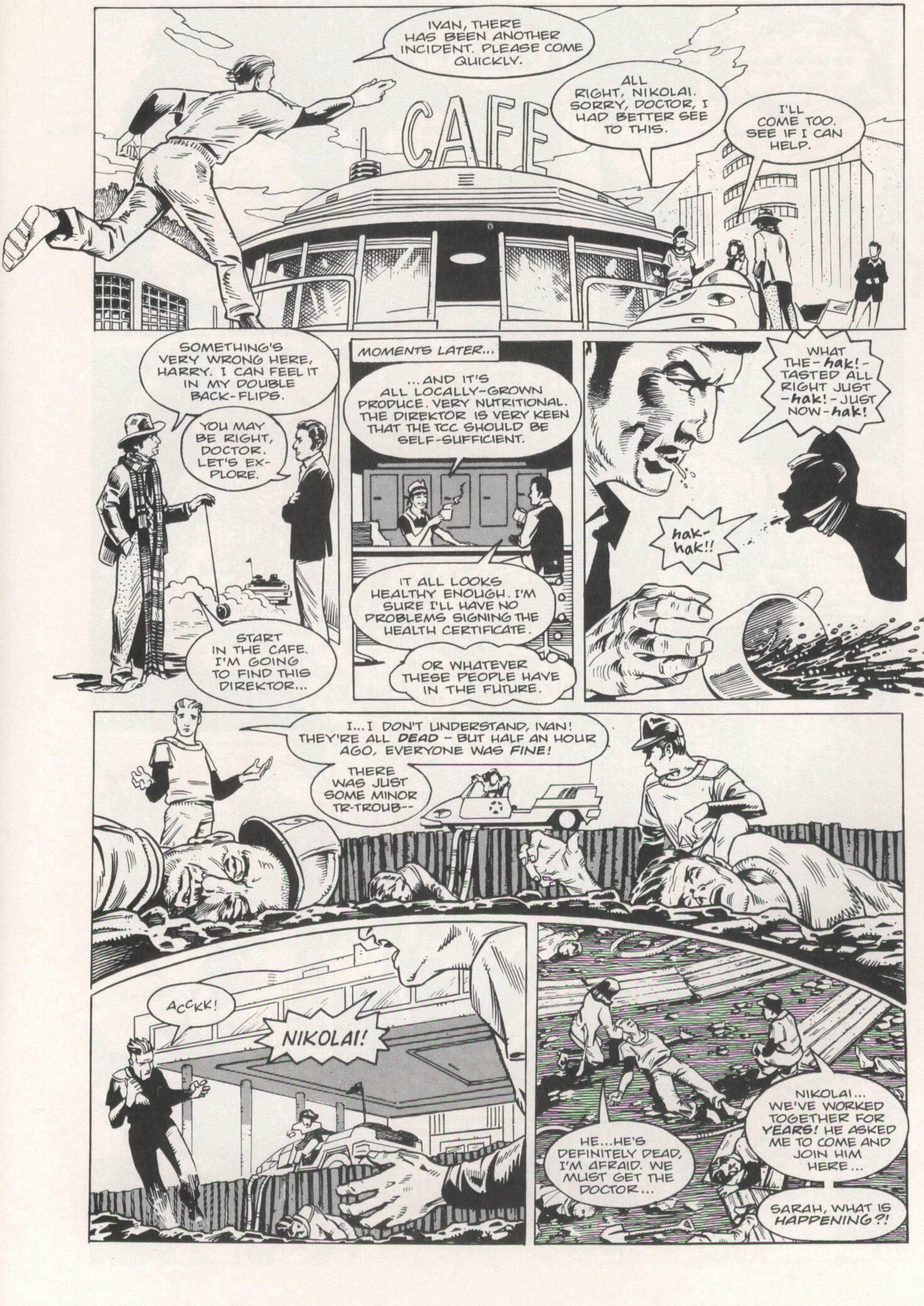
"It depends what else is on," he says. ◆

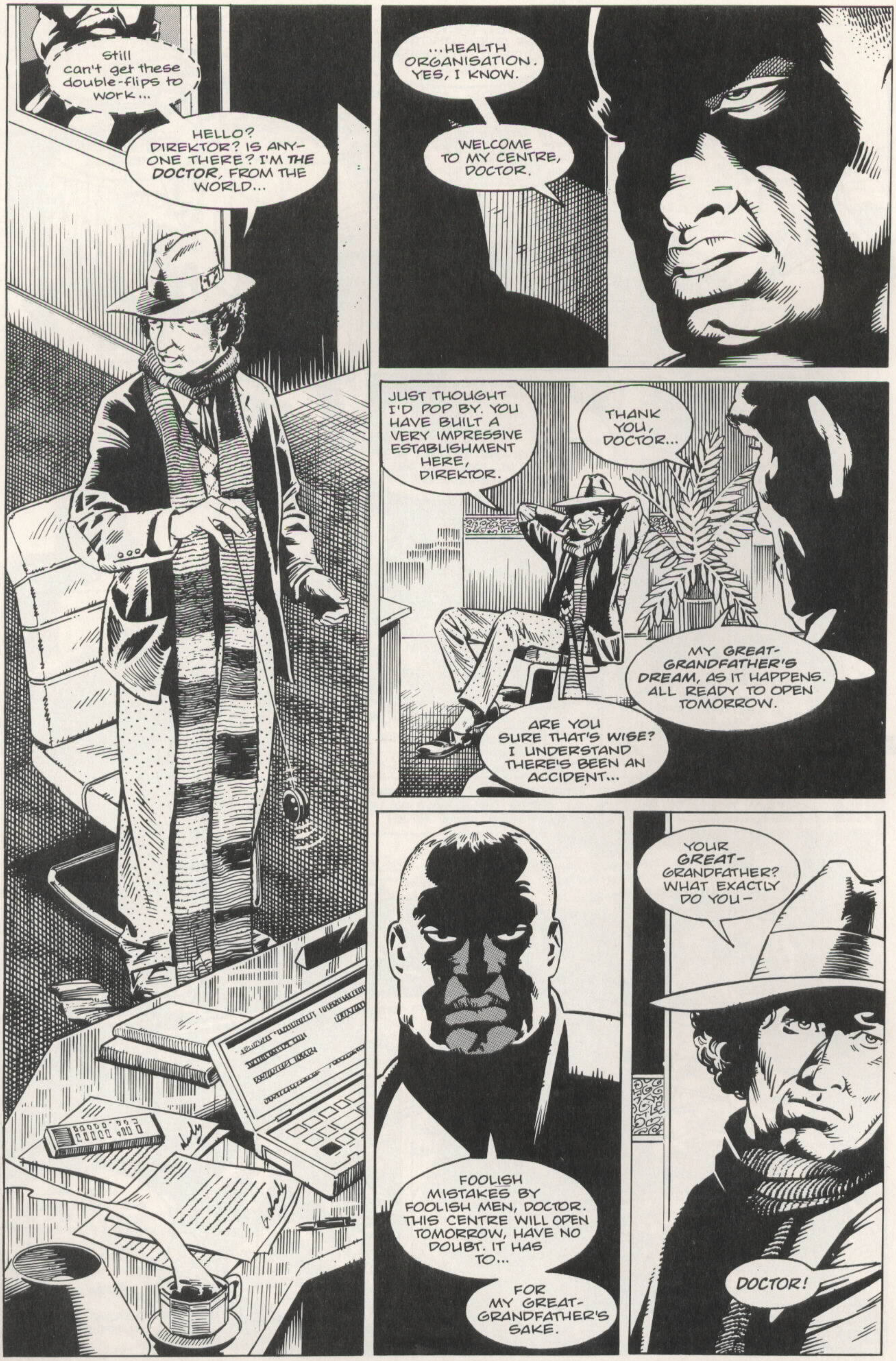


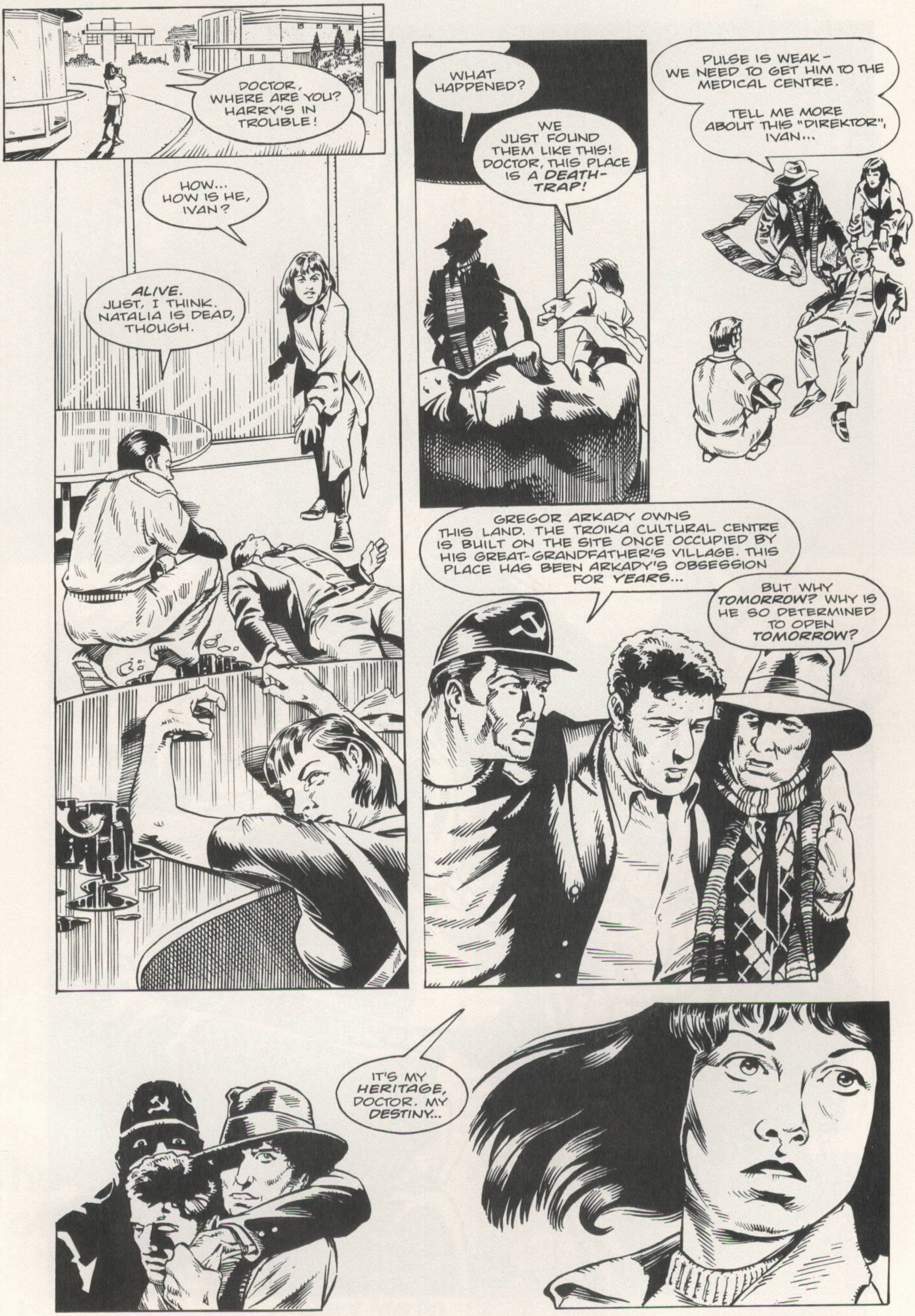

APRIL 26th, 1986. AN ORDINARY DAY IN TAKHAIL, USSR. OR IS IT?
FOR ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD PIOTR ARKADY, THINGS WILL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN. A BRIGHT LIGHT WHITENS THE HORIZON.
SOMETHING DENSE ROLLS ACROSS THE HILLS AND PASTURES.
AS THE CITIZENS OF TAKHAIL WONDER IF THEY WILL SURVIVE THE NEXT FEW MOMENTS, ONLY YOUNG PIOTR SEEMS TO ENJOY THE EXPERIENCE. TO ACTUALLY EMBRACE IT...
...AND TO WALLOW IN THE STRANGE WARMTH HE FEELS DEEP WITHIN HIS SOUL...
...KNOWING THAT NORMALITY IS SOMETHING HE WILL NEVER AGAIN APPRECIATE OR DESIRE.
BLACK DESTINY
PART ONE
STORY: GARY RUSSELL
ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
LETTERS: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY

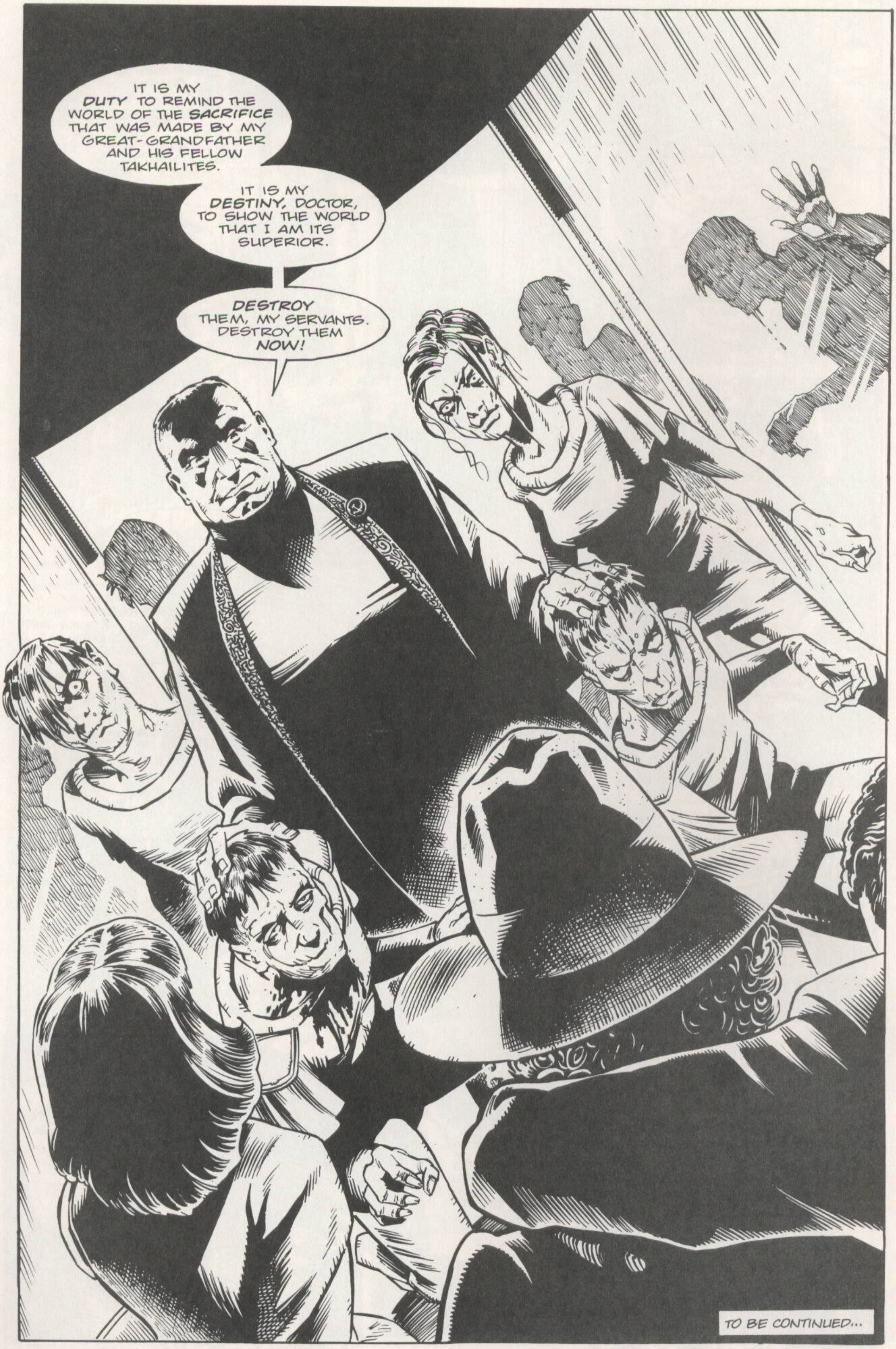

APRIL 25th, 2086. THE NEWLY-CONSTRUCTED **TROIKA CULTURAL CENTRE** IS ABOUT TO RECEIVE ITS FIRST TOURISTS.
TROIKA CULTURAL CENTRE OF TAKHAIL
OPENING 26 · 04 2086
CELEBRATE WORLD PEACE DAY
HMMM. PERHAPS NOT, EH?
HEY, THIS ISN'T **LOCH NESS**! I'LL BET THIS ISN'T EVEN **SCOTLAND**!
OOPS! SORRY, OLD GIRL. JUST WANTED TO TAKE A PEEK.
WAAH!
WE'RE BEING GREETED.
HEY, OLD GIRL, SMILE! WE'RE ON CANDID CAMERA.
NO, IT'S ALL RIGHT, HARRY, I'LL JUST HELP MY-SELF UP...
WELCOME TO TAKHAIL! IS THIS YOUR FIRST VISIT TO THE MOTHER-LAND?
INDEED YES, MISTER..?
MILOV. **IVAN MILOV**, CHIEF ENGINEER. I ARRIVED YESTERDAY AFTER THE ACCIDENT. YOU **WORLD HEALTH ORGANISATION** PEOPLE DO NOT WASTE MUCH TIME...
AH, WELL, YOU KNOW **W.H.O.** HARRY HERE IS OUR CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER, AND THIS IS MY ASSISTANT, MISS SMITH.
A PROPER LITTLE **GIRL FRIDAY** TO BOTH OF US, EH, SARAH?


YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT!
I'M **THE DOCTOR**, SCIENTIFIC ADVISOR TO W.H.O. HOW SERIOUS WAS THE ACCIDENT?
PRETTY BAD, I'M AFRAID, BUT AT LEAST THE MEDICAL FACILITIES ARE QUITE ADVANCED. YOU SHOULD HAVE ALL THE EQUIPMENT YOU NEED.
THE INJURED WORKERS ARE IN ONE OF THESE OFFICE SUITES...
"THEY ARE BEING CARED FOR BY **GREGOR ARKADY**, THE DIREKTOR OF THE CULTURAL CENTRE. HE SET ALL OF THIS UP. HE SEEMS TO BE A DECENT MAN...
"...HE IS VERY CONCERNED ABOUT THEIR WELFARE."


IVAN, THERE HAS BEEN ANOTHER INCIDENT. PLEASE COME QUICKLY.
CAFE
ALL RIGHT, NIKOLAI. SORRY, DOCTOR, I HAD BETTER SEE TO THIS.
I'LL COME TOO. SEE IF I CAN HELP.
SOMETHING'S VERY WRONG HERE, HARRY. I CAN FEEL IT IN MY DOUBLE BACK-FLIPS.
YOU MAY BE RIGHT, DOCTOR. LET'S EXPLORE.
START IN THE CAFE. I'M GOING TO FIND THIS DIREKTOR...
MOMENTS LATER...
...AND IT'S ALL LOCALLY-GROWN PRODUCE. VERY NUTRITIONAL. THE DIREKTOR IS VERY KEEN THAT THE TCC SHOULD BE SELF-SUFFICIENT.
IT ALL LOOKS HEALTHY ENOUGH. I'M SURE I'LL HAVE NO PROBLEMS SIGNING THE HEALTH CERTIFICATE.
OR WHATEVER THESE PEOPLE HAVE IN THE FUTURE.
WHAT THE-hak!-TASTED ALL RIGHT JUST -hak!- JUST NOW-hak!
hak-hak!!
I...I DON'T UNDERSTAND, IVAN! THEY'RE ALL DEAD - BUT HALF AN HOUR AGO, EVERYONE WAS FINE!
THERE WAS JUST SOME MINOR TR-TROUB--
ACCKK!
NIKOLAI!
HE...HE'S DEFINITELY DEAD, I'M AFRAID. WE MUST GET THE DOCTOR...
NIKOLAI... WE'VE WORKED TOGETHER FOR YEARS! HE ASKED ME TO COME AND JOIN HIM HERE...
SARAH, WHAT IS HAPPENING?!


Still can't get these double-flips to work...
HELLO? DIREKTOR? IS ANYONE THERE? I'M **THE DOCTOR**, FROM THE WORLD...
...HEALTH ORGANISATION. YES, I KNOW.
WELCOME TO MY CENTRE, DOCTOR.
JUST THOUGHT I'D POP BY. YOU HAVE BUILT A VERY IMPRESSIVE ESTABLISHMENT HERE, DIREKTOR.
THANK YOU, DOCTOR...
MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S DREAM, AS IT HAPPENS. ALL READY TO OPEN TOMORROW.
ARE YOU SURE THAT'S WISE? I UNDERSTAND THERE'S BEEN AN ACCIDENT...
FOOLISH MISTAKES BY FOOLISH MEN, DOCTOR. THIS CENTRE WILL OPEN TOMORROW, HAVE NO DOUBT. IT HAS TO...
FOR MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S SAKE.
YOUR GREAT-GRANDFATHER? WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU–
DOCTOR!


DOCTOR, WHERE ARE YOU? HARRY'S IN TROUBLE!
HOW... HOW IS HE, IVAN?
ALIVE. JUST, I THINK. NATALIA IS DEAD, THOUGH.
WHAT HAPPENED?
WE JUST FOUND THEM LIKE THIS! DOCTOR, THIS PLACE IS A *DEATH-TRAP!*
PULSE IS WEAK- WE NEED TO GET HIM TO THE MEDICAL CENTRE.
TELL ME MORE ABOUT THIS "DIREKTOR", IVAN...
GREGOR ARKADY OWNS THIS LAND. THE TROIKA CULTURAL CENTRE IS BUILT ON THE SITE ONCE OCCUPIED BY HIS GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S VILLAGE. THIS PLACE HAS BEEN ARKADY'S OBSESSION FOR *YEARS*...
BUT WHY *TOMORROW?* WHY IS HE SO DETERMINED TO OPEN *TOMORROW?*
IT'S MY *HERITAGE,* DOCTOR. MY *DESTINY*...


IT IS MY DUTY TO REMIND THE WORLD OF THE SACRIFICE THAT WAS MADE BY MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER AND HIS FELLOW TAKHAILITES.
IT IS MY DESTINY, DOCTOR, TO SHOW THE WORLD THAT I AM ITS SUPERIOR.
DESTROY THEM, MY SERVANTS. DESTROY THEM NOW!
TO BE CONTINUED...

The Bristol Boys

Above:
The Doctor (Jon Pertwee) falls victim to *The Claws of Axos* as the Master (Roger Delgado) looks on.

As far as Doctor Who fans are concerned, script writers Bob Baker and Dave Martin come as a pair. Their names appear side by side on eight stories between 1971 and 1978, among them some of the most important in the series' history. Peter Griffiths recently met up with these genial and chatty men, to discover that their travels with the Doctor account for some of their happiest writing experiences together. In their own words, these are the Bristol Boys.

Bob: We started writing together in 1968, aiming for the movies. We didn't really want to write anything else. By the following year we had filled a room with scripts – anything we felt like writing. It was a time of tremendous work and invention. Ideas were flowing. We sent most of them off, including a play about a young officer.

Dave: That officer was Keith Floyd, the television chef. We got to know him back in the late Sixties in Bristol. He'd had some very bizarre experiences in the army in Germany – no petrol for the tanks and the rest of it. It seemed bizarre enough to make a fairly comical television piece, and we called it *A Man's Life* because that was the slogan for going into the army at the time. We did about sixty pages and didn't finish it, and I got bit ratty one day and sent it off to 'The BBC, London'.

Bob: Just 'The BBC, London', as we didn't know who or where exactly to send it to! About nine months later we got a phone call from a certain Trevor Ray, who'd been seconded to the production office as a kind of script reader. He was there to help them find new writers, which they'd had a brief to do. He'd read loads and loads of scripts and filtered the good ones. He said, 'We've all read this and fell about laughing because it reminded us of our days in National Service. We'd love to meet you both.'

Dave: So we went up to London and there they said, 'We can't do this script. It's ridiculous – there are tanks in it!' If the army couldn't afford to run their tanks, of course the BBC couldn't afford them! So Derrick Sherwin, Terrance Dicks and Trevor Ray took us to the BBC club bar and got us drunk on gin and tonics.

Bob: Peter Bryant was there as well. They had been absolutely smashed since before lunch, and they just kept listening and didn't say very much. Finally, out of this stupor of drink, Terrance Dicks said, 'Do you know what we do? We write *Doctor Who*. Would you like to write a *Doctor Who*?'

Dave: They said, 'We ARE *Doctor Who*!' Derrick Sherwin and his team were about to go off *en masse* to do *Paul Temple*. That's how it worked in the BBC. They took a whole team off one show and stuck it on another when they'd worn them out. The turnaround was quite hard on the nerves and the bottle! It was a shambolic and very fast production process at the BBC in those days, but they were great guys. It was much easier to go off down to Soho for the afternoon than it was to hang around Shepherd's Bush! We had a lot of fun with them. They were changing over to Jon Pertwee, of course.

Bob: Barry Letts came in as producer, and we found we got on very well with him as well. He was always raising the value of the stories. We've known him for many years now.

Dave: I'd never watched *Doctor Who* before then, and we were both would-be Hollywood kids wanting special effects and real-looking spaceships. We wanted to do a George Lucas, but the BBC only had bits of string and double-sided sellotape. We had to continually cut our stuff down.

Bob: We threw a lot of good stuff away, but it was good stuff which was unfilmable. I remember Terrance Dicks screaming down the phone, 'We're not MGM! We're a low-budget show!' We couldn't understand it. Science fiction – low-budget? We eventually came to realise the confines in which we working. *Doctor Who* was an adventurous programme which didn't have a lot of money to throw about, but did what it could in the best way possible. It was hard being continually told, 'You can't do this, you can't do that', but once we'd discovered the particular flavours and tastes that went into this meal called *Doctor Who*, we were able to make it whenever we wanted to. The recipe was the difficult thing to perfect.

Dave: The style of *Doctor Who* did take a long time to get right, but

"The BBC only had bits of string and double-sided sellotape."
Dave Martin

Below:
The Axons.
Photos © BBC Video

Right, top to bottom: The Time Lords enlist the help of the First Doctor (William Hartnell); the Third Doctor and the Second Doctor (Patrick Troughton) prepare to face Omega; a sample of the anti-matter organism sent to Earth to capture the Doctor. All photos *The Three Doctors*, © BBC Video

we were extremely glad of doing that afterwards, I can tell you! We kept trying to push the limits, which is something we did all the way through, trying to write something a little more adult than 'kidult'. We also tried to put in more jokes than one usually found.

Bob: Terrance Dicks and the script editors who followed him would probably agree that it was fairly painless working with us from there on. There was a healthy respect between the three of us. We got on well. Terrance used to called us the Bristol Boys.

Dave: As if we weren't quite serious or real!

Bob: He started out with a few jokes about people in smocks with bits of straw in their mouths, but I think we changed his mind about that idea after a while! We threw ideas at them like mad, but it took us a year of doing outlines before Terrance finally accepted our first story. It was originally seven episodes called *The Vampire from Space*, and that became four episodes of *The Claws of Axos*.

Dave: *The Claws of Axos* worked quite well, though there were the inevitable changes. Working for the BBC, you're just one of the production team, which is fair enough with something like *Doctor Who*. The script goes in, the director and designer take it away and make changes, and if they have a serious concept going, you've got to fit into it. So the Master was added in, for one thing. Roger Delgado's face told you the type of character he was going to be – a bit like Basil Rathbone. We knew he was going to have that sinister, sneering, slightly orotund manner, with good English. Most *Doctor Who* villains did.

Bob: He was a high-class supervillain, a fairly simple character to write. Looking back at *The Claws of Axos*, the addition works well. The main changes were in the outer space part of it. That eventually got chopped altogether and we opened with the landing of Axos instead. We had all sorts of things going on in the first two episodes of the seven-part original, but we hadn't really formulated who or what the Axons were. I seem to remember we had lots of MGM-style chases in fairgrounds and so on. Of course, we had to change that to rushing through bushes, because bushes can be found everywhere! We didn't enjoy the process, but when you're making a living from writing you have to take account of the medium in which you're working.

Dave: *Axos* was mainly a make-up job – people being made to look pretty with gold paint. We always tended to go for people in make-up, though we did have the occasional blob. We left monsters to other people. The Daleks had been cornered by Terry Nation, though it would have been nice to write for them. It's easy dialogue to write, isn't it? 'Exterminate! Exterminate!' I always thought Terry got the idea for their name from beer pump handles. If you look on the back, it says 'Dalex'!

> **"The clever thing about Omega was that he was a non-person."**
> ***Bob Baker***

Bob: I was very pleased with the finished result. *Axos* has come out on video recently, so I took a look at it again and I think it stands up very well. It's a good plot, which always helps. The anticipation of what these creatures were up to comes off well, and the characters – the American CIA man and Mr Chinn in particular – worked nicely. It was tightly plotted, partly because of the long gestation and partly because Dave and I were script-editing ourselves. With two people writing, you do find you get a much more finished, plotted version. One says to the other, 'Hang on, don't you think . . .' and you spark off each other. When I work alone, I find I have to go over it three times. We were always very careful because we didn't want to do rewrites!

Dave: Bob was very good on the storyline. He made the storyline progress from the ingredients, whereas I did the characters and jokes. In fact, it was very much fifty-fifty for both of us. We wrote in an old barn at this time, full of bats and rotten apples, and occasionally Bob would arrive in the morning and say, 'I've had a good idea, Dave!' We'd chuck everything in, and then we'd sift some of it back out before we sent the script in. To keep the creative juices flowing and the whole thing banging on – and you did have to bang them out – it was almost like a stream of consciousness. You knew where each episode started and stopped, and that you had five climaxes every episode, ideally mounting.

Bob: We had this incredible system for script conferences with Terrance over the phone. Before the days of answering machines, we used to tie a tape recorder to the ear-piece. Unfortunately, one time Dave taped it to the wrong end of the phone and we couldn't hear a bloody word Terrance was saying! I still work that way sometimes. I'm working on a biographical story at the moment, and I get the chap involved to make recorded notes and pass them to me.

Dave: When we were looking around for the next story, I happened to be talking to the biologist who lived next door, and she said something about the life-cycle of a butterfly. So we looked at those four stages – egg, chrysalis, pupae and butterfly – and applied the process to human beings. It allowed a bit of anticipation to go from one episode to the next, and out of it came *The Mutants*. We also wrote the story as a kind of commentary on South Africa at the time. The mutants were originally called munts, which is the rude South African Boer word for black people. The idea of gassing came from the Second World War. We had to sneak those kind of political ideas through the back door. We did try to put some heavy stuff in, suitably modified, of course. You could have violence in *Doctor Who*, but nothing too political or heavy.

Bob: We were given the commission for *The Mutants* virtually straight after *Axos*. I was quite surprised. There again, it was really strong plotting. I think it was Terrance who threw 'retreat from empire' idea at us. We had Sky Cities over a planet that was beginning to die, and it was all the fault of the colonisers. It worked as an allegory of the British India situation in 1947, with those other ideas mixed in as well.

Dave: We based the character of Cotton on a friend of Bob's, a builder called Tyler. We had these two guard characters, and we wrote one as a Northerner and one as black, but they somehow came out reversed! I don't know if the production team was telling us something and slapping our wrists for mucking about, or whether they just got it totally wrong. I was happy with parts of *The Mutants*, but I liked the concept more than the execution. I always liked Sondergaard, a part I thought was well-cast. Bob's very keen on that mystical stuff, and I think he likes this story the most out of all of them.

Bob: I've always felt *The Mutants* was our best *Doctor Who*. I remember being very impressed by the monsters. It was a time of very prolific work for Dave and I, on other projects as well. And it was the first time I felt very happy about the way we structured a script. Six-episode stories can begin to sag around episode four or five, so we had a dog leg with Sondergaard where we went off and dealt with the heiroglyphs – which was naturally germane to what was going on in the main plot. We had a nice little adventure just as the story began to weaken, and then came back to the story proper for the dénouement.

Dave: There's always a kind of low point around episode five which tends to be occupied by restating the plot and running around corridors. We were well aware of that, which was why nearly all our stories were four episodes.

Bob: *The Three Doctors* came next, and was a rather momentous occasion. Terrance rang us up and said, 'We've got you in mind for something special.' We thought, 'Oh, very nice.' He told us the story of how he was sitting in the office late one evening, and this little wizened man came past the door, then poked his head in and said, 'Hello.' It was Billy Hartnell, touting for work! This got Terrance thinking about getting the Doctors together.

Dave: It was a challenge, but we could immediately see a few more jokes coming out of this – there was one memorable line about a flute-player and a hairdresser, or something like that! We got some by-play going between the three Doctors, but then we had to rewrite it entirely because William Hartnell could only be filmed from inside his fish tank. They shot all his scenes separately.

Bob: I remember that. Terrance rang up and said, 'We've got some bad news. William Hartnell can't walk.' We'd had him in all these situations, equally as active as the other Doctors. It was sad, really, that it didn't come off as it should. His eyelines were always wrong on the monitor screen. We had to rewrite it very late in the day, only about six weeks before production. Terrance did quite a bit more anyway, a further rewrite to cut out even more.

Dave: We started off setting *The Three Doctors* in a graveyard, but the powers that be said that was too frightening. Before the characters went to Omega's limbo space, there was a *Lion, Witch and the Wardrobe* set-up where one grave led to outer space, but the BBC wouldn't do graveyards – too deathly and real for children. So it started off in a hut instead!

Bob: We didn't want the place where Omega existed to be solid Earth in any way. We wanted it to be over the event horizon, where anything is possible. We wanted to be able to go through mists and come out in different places, through chromakey or whatever. We didn't want a tangible location. In the event, we had bits of houses and furniture arriving, but the background was familiar. It was a difficult thing to visualise, and again we were up against what could be done, and it had to be done by last Thursday. It was fun, but it was hectic.

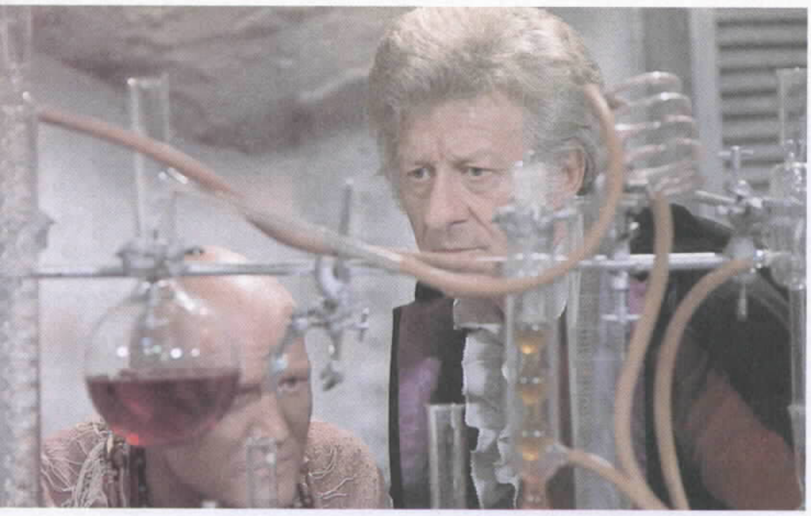
Dave: It was a good story, actually, with a bit of humour. I thought Omega was brilliant. He had my favourite *Doctor Who* line of all: 'A hero? I should have been a God!'

Bob: Omega was one of our favourite characters, a true megalomaniac, something we always loved. I wasn't too happy about the way he reappeared in *The Arc of Infinity*, because I didn't feel he was meant for that particular programme.

Dave: I didn't know he came back! We might be owed some money. It was a bit bloody cheeky of them, wasn't it?!

Bob: The clever thing about Omega was that he was a non-person, just an awareness of an awareness. He believed in his existence so much that the belief couldn't be killed. It's a difficult concept to grab hold of, but I know it's intrigued a lot of people.

Dave: Unfortunately, there were also the silly blobs which were very much an afterthought on the part of the BBC costume department.



Above: The Doctor examines Sondergaard's laboratory in *The Mutants.* Photo © BBC

Right: Ian Marter as Harry Sullivan, on location for *The Sontaran Experiment.* Photo © BBC Video

> **"You had to cut down the technical stuff a lot for Jon Pertwee."**
> ***Dave Martin***

Bob: Yeah, and the feather-boa monster in the drain. But what can you do? The monsters were written superbly – obviously! – but you had to have a man inside or you were into animatronics and all kinds of stuff. They were written as jelly – molten, never quite one shape or another – but back then they couldn't do it. They always accused us of being way ahead of any techniques they had, and I believe they actually invented a matting machine for *Underworld*. If that's true, I'm proud. It was a step ahead for chromakey.

Dave: We saw very little of the production of *Doctor Who*, actually. We were always working on something else, and writers weren't terribly welcome on the set because of the rush in which things were done. That was peculiar to *Doctor Who*. On other things we've done for the BBC you wandered in and got welcomed as members of the crew. But *Doctor Who* was so tightly scheduled that the writer was a pain, basically.

Bob: Anyway, despite the monsters, *The Three Doctors* was one of the highest-rated episodes of the time, and we were nominated for a BAFTA award for Best Children's Programme.

Dave: The story had also given us the opportunity to write for Patrick Troughton. The Doctors all had their plusses, but I think Troughton was the best. He had a bright, bird-like intelligence which meant he could get away with all the technical claptrap even Tom Baker couldn't get his tongue around. Patrick could rattle off any sort of technical rubbish and then get on to the character, the dialogue and the jokes. He was also an extremely kind and pleasant person. I met him down in Brighton.

Bob: But you didn't tailor scripts to the central actor. If you put a script which we wrote for Jon Pertwee in front of Tom Baker, he would have played it the same as he played the rest. Writing for the Doctor is very changeable, and obviously you've got to know a few of the idiosyncrasies of one or the other, but dialogue-wise you could put them in front of Troughton or whoever. Pertwee would tend to be a bit more flowery, whereas you could give Tom a tough alliterative speech and know he could do it.

Dave: You had to cut down the technical stuff a lot for Pertwee. Tom, who had taken over from him by the time we returned to the series two years later, was an extremely good actor who brought some real power to the part. I believe, however, that the essence of the part was quirkiness, not power. Tom was probably the best actor, but he took the persona on more seriously than he needed to have done. That's just my opinion. He was a bit difficult to get to know, a bit sniffy about writers. I think he felt himself being typecast as he went along – he could see that there wouldn't be many more jobs for Tom Baker after this. And there hasn't been. He's now become a bit of a Grand Actor – but there's always room for one or two of those.

Bob: We had a lot of other work happening during the season we missed. A year fallow doesn't hurt, either, but we must have submitted about ten ideas in that time, including one about getting the Master's TARDIS working again. It was called *Nemesis*, and it was all about a fiendish villain rather like an Egyptian goddess who the Master got in touch with. We were now established, having written enough stuff to feel professional towards it. It was a job which we did to the best of our ability, and we had Terrance Dicks, and now Robert Holmes, to tell us if we weren't! Robert was a kind of romp. You'd get into the office and he'd say, 'Right, what shall we do? Let's frighten the little buggers to death!' He'd come out with all sorts of ideas, hit on one and tell you to do that. We'd go home, write it out, send it in and he'd work away on it.

Dave: He was the greatest script editor of all time, Bob Holmes. A genuine weirdo, but a very helpful script editor and a good writer too. *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* was terrific, an original for *Doctor Who*. Being on the spot, he managed to get better sets and so on for his own stories. Those sewers in *Talons* looked good, didn't they? He came up with the stories for us, it's true – he gave us the entire storyline for *The Hand of Fear*. He couldn't stop thinking about *Doctor Who*. He used to invent sex lives for his creatures! It never made it into the script, but he knew them inside-out. The Sontarans had sex through the back of the neck. He gave us a complete rundown on their lifestyle and planet for *The Sontaran Experiment*.

Bob: They were Bob Holmes' own monster, and he knew the intimate sexual and physiological history of the whole race. He spent about three hours talking to us about them, after which we said, 'He's a squat froggy thing, that's all we want to know!' Out of that came *The Sontaran Experiment* because they didn't have enough money that season, and they had to get away with things cheaply to balance the cost of the *Ark in Space* set. The scripts were written very quickly, as usual! We did it all on location, which was liberating. We were free of the corridors, and the Dartmoor plains looked wonderful.

Dave: Actually, I would have liked to have seen a bit more imagination with the idea of London as a green grassy field. It was thrown away in one line, and they made no use of the location. Most of it took place, again, in a cave. I did like the idea of this two-parter, but I don't think they made enough of it. It amuses me when I see it.

Bob: The sailor fellow, Ian Marter, acted his little heart out, and I loved the South African chaps. We specified the accent as we felt it might eventually be the lowest common denominator English accent, already being a mixture of French, Dutch and English.

Dave: Philip Hinchcliffe was the producer now. He had a lot of wearing suits and talking to people to do, but he had great faith in Bob Holmes. He was good on stories, or at least the aspects which made them easier to produce. He could look something over and tell that by changing one or two scenes you could shoot it in one day instead of two. Although he was a producer, he could write and he was also a very bright bloke and a likeable fellow. I don't think Philip really had his heart in *Doctor Who*, though. His heart was in the BBC, and *Doctor Who* was a stepping-stone to other things.

◆

THE WHO SHOP

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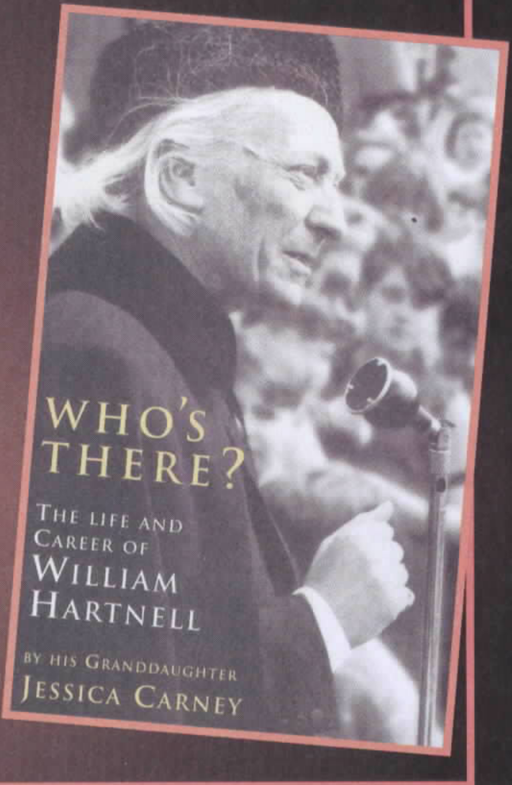
IS PROUD TO PRESENT . . .

Signing One

Saturday 17th February

Jessica Carney will be signing copies of her book “Who’s There?”, the biography of her grandfather William Hartnell, at The Locomotion Wine Bar, Leicester Square (near the Warner Cinema) from 1.00pm onwards.

Open only to purchasers of the book from The Who Shop


WHO'S THERE?
THE LIFE AND CAREER OF WILLIAM HARTNELL
BY HIS GRANDDAUGHTER
JESSICA CARNEY

Signing Two

Sunday 25th February

Roberta Tovey, who played Susan in the two Dalek movies of the 1960’s, will be signing copies of a book about the films exclusive to The Who Shop.
Signing at The Who Shop, 4 Station Parade,
High Street North, East Ham, London E6 1JD, from 1.00pm
There will also be a special cheque presentation to Roy Castle’s ‘Cause for Hope’ Appeal, and a full Dalek turnout!

The High Council

If you have a question about the stories and characters of *Doctor Who* that doesn't have a definite answer, then put it before *The High Council*. The column is compiled by **Elizabeth Jackson**, but the only people answering the questions are you, the readers.

Why does the TARDIS nearly always land the Doctor and his friends in danger?

"There are some corners of the universe which have bred the most terrible things . . . They must be fought."

The Doctor left Gallifrey because he was bored and went in search of adventure. The TARDIS' telepathic circuits sense this fact and, as such, direct him to places where there is adventure and therefore danger.

Dana Snow, Los Angeles, USA

The Doctor once said that he leaves the mechanics of the actual landing up to the TARDIS. However, despite the fact that on at least two occasions it has landed on, and subsequently fallen off, the edge of a cliff, generally the TARDIS doesn't do too badly. The problem seems to be that the Doctor, once he's left his ship, seeks out sensitive local issues and rushes uninvited into dangerous situations that don't initially concern him.

O Zambon, Woodford Green

How is the Time Lord in *Terror of the Autons* able to materialise and dematerialise without a TARDIS? He also seems able to float in mid-air among the gantries of the radio telescope. Is this not a Gallifreyan gift from which the Doctor's next incarnation might have significantly benefited?

The Time Lord is not floating in mid air. His TARDIS , with its fully-operational chameleon circuit, is invisible and in hover-mode. He is simply standing in its open doorway.

Andrew Salt, Blackpool

The floating Time Lord in *Terror of the Autons* is wearing a Time Ring, which is how he can come and go as he pleases. As to how he can float, perhaps this is another "Gallifreyan gift"? In *City of Death*, the Doctor and Romana contemplate leaving the Eiffel Tower, saying "Shall we fly or take the lift?" They decide to take the lift. However, at the end of the same story, they leave the tower far more quickly than is humanly possible. Can we assume, therefore, that, far from being merely witty repartee, the "flying" question was serious? Perhaps Time Lords can fly, or at least float.

The Doctor didn't use this gift in *Logopolis* because he already knew he had reached the end of his fourth incarnation and was due to 'die'. Maybe the 'gift' simply failed him.

Adrian Williams, Scarborough

When did the Doctor give up smoking?

The Doctor gave up smoking when he realised it could damage his health. Last time he lit up he was clubbed over the back of the head by a caveman. Perhaps tobacco now has painful associations. ASH could learn from Kal's technique.

Christopher Mackie, Norwich

We only ever saw the First Doctor smoke, so presumably he lost the habit when he regenerated for the first time, as this would have cleansed his body of toxins and reduced his desire for nicotine.

David Stephenson, Consett

Clearly the Doctor has been a smoker throughout a number of incarnations. We witnessed the First Doctor smoking, the Fourth kept a pipe handy, which we saw in *The Deadly Assassin*, and many is the time when the Third Doctor was seen leaving his TARDIS wreathed in smoke – obviously after having had a quick fag. I suspect he kicked the habit towards the end of his fifth incarnation, which was why he was such a moody old sod when he regenerated.

A K Lauchlan, Gibraltar

Why does the Monk use an old gramophone to play his chants when a CD or DAT machine would be better?

The Monk shares a number of traits with the Doctor. Not only is he a meddler, but also something of a collector with, it appears, a fondness for the twentieth century; note his wrist-watch, binoculars and pop-up toaster. Perhaps he bought the gramophone to form part of his collection; as an antique it may be valuable, and when he later hatched his plan to save King Harold the gramophone was the first thing to hand. After all it was, in theory, perfectly serviceable for his needs.

Jennifer Marsh, London

The Monk is obviously a vinyl junkie and has no truck with the likes of DAT or CD players. Quite right too.

Alex Linsey, Harpenden

The Monk used an 'old-fashioned' wind-up gramophone because he realised there would be no power points in the eleventh century to run a CD player off.

Porl Stothers, Manchester

At what point does the Doctor realise that Turlough is working against him?

Since disconnecting the Randomiser in *The Leisure Hive*, the Doctor had been aware that it would only be a matter of time before the Black Guardian found him and sought his revenge; it even played on his mind when he regenerated. In *Mawdryn Undead* the Doctor discussed the current situation with the Brigadier: "What worries me is the level of coincidence . . . almost as if some cosmic influence . . ." He doesn't appear to dwell on it, but he knows that the Guardians prefer to act through intermediaries and, in the past, the Black Guardian has exploited greedy and weak individuals. His suspicions of Turlough would have been aroused when he found the cube in Turlough's bedsheets; he is alarmed by it and equivocal when he returns it. The Doctor must have recognised that the cube was made of the same material as the Key to Time, and that it must, therefore, have originated from the Guardians.

The Doctor would have been only too aware of the difficulty of fighting the Black Guardian, and consequently feigns ignorance and welcomes the boy as a companion, aware of the retribution that would be meted out on Turlough if he doesn't. The Doctor's suspicion is evident in *Enlightenment* when he leaves Tegan to wait for the White Guardian's message, rather than the boy. As we know the Doctor's 'discretion is the better part of valour' policy was proved the correct course of action in the end.

O Zambon, Woodford Green

As well as any further thoughts on these issues, we need your creative answers to the following questions:

Why, if Gallifrey's cardinal law is non-interference, is the Doctor exiled to twentieth century Earth, where he can't help but interfere? Why didn't they just keep him on Gallifrey?

Peter Lock, Woodstock

When the Master enters the transmat booth on Gallifrey in *The Five Doctors* he is not wearing a cloak, yet when he arrives in the Death Zone he is wearing one. How?

William Morris, Bristol

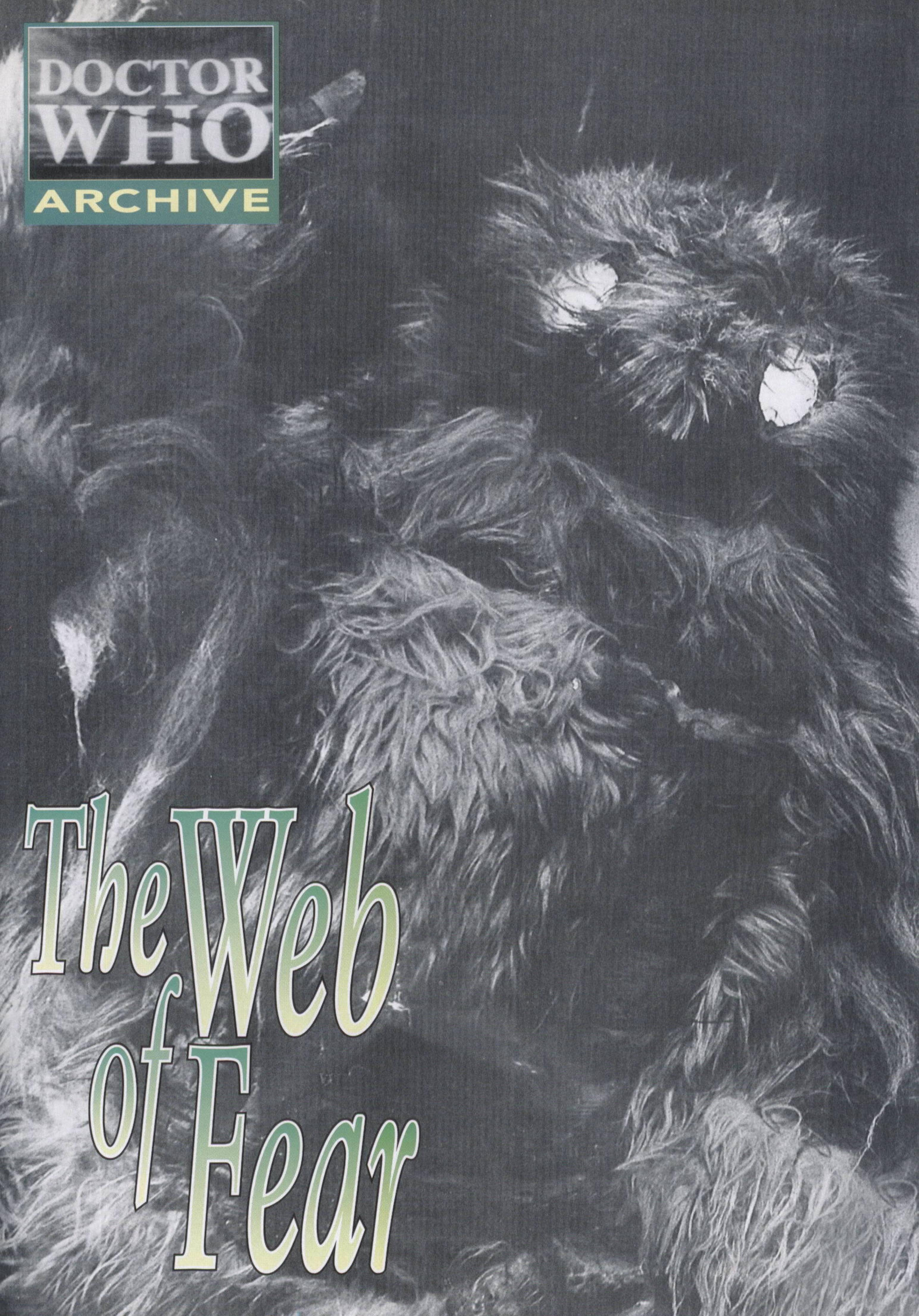
In *K9 and Company*, our eponymous hero claims to be made with components that are recognised by Brendan; surely he would have been created using technology from the year 5000 AD?

Arnold Tyldesley, York

How do the homing devices come to be attached to the oil rigs that are eventually destroyed by the Skarasan in *Terror of the Zygons*?

Patrick Johnson, Edinburgh

DOCTOR WHO ARCHIVE



The Web of Fear

SYNOPSIS

EPISODE 1 (drn: 24’53”)

Jamie manages to close the TARDIS doors and prevents himself, the Doctor and Victoria from being sucked out of the control room. The TARDIS materialises in space, where it is covered in a strange web-like substance. The Doctor connects a device to the console and the ship breaks free – landing half a mile from their expected destination.

In London, the aged Professor Travers tries to buy back a Yeti robot which has stood motionless in Julius Silverstein’s museum for thirty years. He explains to his daughter, Anne, who is also a scientist, that he has reactivated a control sphere. After Travers and Anne leave, the sphere smashes through a window, enters the Yeti chest cavity and reactivates it. The robot kills Silverstein.

The TARDIS has landed in the deserted Covent Garden Underground station, and beyond the locked entrance gates is a dead newspaper vendor covered in cobwebs. London has been evacuated, and the Doctor’s party spots soldiers laying cables in the tunnels. The Doctor traces the cables back to Charing Cross where he finds crates of explosives. He watches as two Yeti enter and use guns to spray cobwebs over the boxes.

Jamie and Victoria follow Staff Sergeant Arnold and his men, but are discovered and taken to an underground Army HQ at Goodge Street. At the HQ are soldiers led by Captain Knight, with Anne, Travers, and Harold Chorley, a reporter. Knight has lain charges to blow up the tunnel. As the Doctor examines the web-covered explosives, there is a flash of light . . .

EPISODE 2 (drn: 24’38”)

Learning from Jamie and Victoria that the Doctor has followed the cable, Knight sends out Arnold with a search party. The group discover that the explosion seems to have been prevented. There is no sign of the Doctor. An ammunitions truck trying to reach HQ from Holborn is attacked by the Yeti. Travers meets Jamie and Victoria, recognising them from the 1935 Tibetan expedition over forty years earlier. Jamie and Arnold set out to find the Doctor, while Knight and his men try to rescue the ammo

truck. The Yeti are waiting for them, and Knight and Corporal Lane only escape after a battle.

At HQ, Anne discusses with her father the possibility that the Doctor sabotaged the explosives and is controlling the Yeti. Victoria overhears this, and sets out into the tunnels to find her friends. In the Ops room, Corporal Blake and Craftsman Weams see that the web is on the move through the underground system again. Jamie and Arnold run into Knight's party as they are captured by Yeti, and after escaping they encounter the cowardly Evans, the driver of the ammo truck, who is wandering the tunnels.

While Knight and his men return to HQ, Jamie and Evans set off after a Yeti which is carrying a glass pyramid. The web moves around the Circle Line, and at Monument the pair are trapped by the web and a Yeti . . .

EPISODE 3 (dm: 24'34")

When Evans shoots the pyramid, he and Jamie are able to escape. The pair move on along the Central Line, with Evans interested only in escaping from the tunnels.

Victoria runs into the Doctor and Colonel Lethbridge-Stewart, the HQ's new commander, who also survived the attack on the ammo truck. The group returns to HQ where the Colonel takes command and the Doctor sets to work with Travers. At a briefing session, the Doctor learns that a mist has spread across Central London, and a web-like fungus is spreading through the underground. The HQ is now isolated, and Chorley is desperate to escape from London.

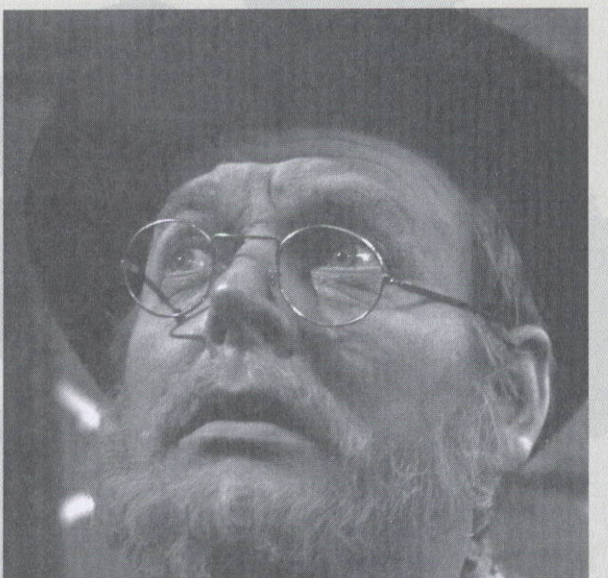
The Colonel and Knight plan to stop the web by blowing up the tunnel, but an unknown traitor lets a Yeti into the HQ and, some time later, the soldiers find the explosive store full of the web. They decide to make an attempt to salvage the ammo truck. Victoria inadvertently tells Chorley about the TARDIS, and the journalist leaves HQ, planning to use the machine as a means of escape. Jamie and Evans arrive at HQ and join the Doctor and Victoria in a search for Chorley in the tunnels. Meanwhile, Travers and Anne hear a scream from the Ops Room. Travers enters to find Weams dead and a Yeti looming over him . . .

EPISODE 4 (dm: 24'50")

The search for Chorley in the tunnels proves fruitless, but the Doctor manages to obtain a sample of the web. The Colonel and Knight find the route to Holborn blocked, and the group returns to HQ, encountering the Doctor's party. Anne is recovering, but the Yeti have kidnapped her father. The Colonel fails to recognise Evans, with whom he was on the truck. This raises the level of suspicion and paranoia in the group, as it is clear that someone let the Yeti into HQ, and that a traitor is among them.

While the Doctor and Anne work on a way to control a sphere, the Colonel plans to rescue the TARDIS from Covent Garden. The plan to move the craft by trolley through the web goes wrong: Lane is killed and Arnold vanishes. The Colonel leads a squad to Covent Garden at ground level, only to be ambushed by the Yeti. The Doctor removes some vital electronic supplies from a shop nearby, where a Yeti kills Knight. A model Yeti is planted on Knight's body, and later one is also found on the Colonel – he is the sole survivor to return to HQ.

As the group considers their next move, the Yeti burst in. With them is Professor Travers, who has been taken over by the Intelligence . . .



EPISODE 5 (dm: 24'19")

The Intelligence delivers an ultimatum to the Doctor: he must surrender himself in twenty minutes to have all the knowledge drained from his mind and regress to childhood, or all his friends will die. To encourage co-operation, Travers grabs Victoria and takes her as a hostage to the Intelligence's centre of operations at Piccadilly. Travers is released from his controlled state, and he and Victoria manage to get a message to Arnold, who has been wandering the tunnels after being attacked by the web.

The Doctor agrees to surrender himself if necessary, and continues his work with Anne. They convert a control sphere to make it obey their vocal commands, and devise a gadget which will jam Yeti control signals. Armed with these, the Doctor and Anne head out towards Warren Street and manage to take control of one of the robots.

The Colonel and Jamie set out to rescue Victoria and encounter the injured Arnold, who they take back to HQ before setting out again. Evans is tending to Arnold when the two men find the web forcing its way into the HQ through the laboratory walls . . .

EPISODE 6 (dm: 24'41")

Arnold and Evans abandon HQ and Evans flees into the tunnels in terror, where he is soon captured by the Yeti. The Doctor and Anne return their Yeti to the Intelligence's control until they have need of it, and meet up with Jamie, Arnold and the Colonel. The group are intercepted by the Yeti, but Arnold manages to get away. He finds Chorley, who has managed to survive in the tunnels and above ground.

Travers and Victoria are taken to Piccadilly booking hall to see the Intelligence's pyramid and the mind-draining helmet that awaits the Doctor. The Doctor's party arrives and is held prisoner, but Jamie manages to escape with the microphone used to control the Yeti. The Doctor, meanwhile, immobilises the Yeti guard and tampers with the helmet. Jamie is recaptured, and Chorley arrives and reveals the identity of the traitor: Arnold. Arnold forces the Doctor to sit under the helmet, and as the process starts, Jamie orders the controlled Yeti to attack. In the ensuing battle, the pyramid is destroyed and the Intelligence forced back into space, leaving Arnold for dead. The Doctor is furious with his friends – he had reversed the connections on the helmet and was about to drain the mind of the Intelligence.

As Chorley attempts to proclaim the Doctor a national hero, the Doctor decides it is time to leave, and sets off for Covent Garden with Jamie and Victoria.

Opposite page, above: An Army contingent including Sergeant Arnold (Jack Woolgar) and Jamie (Frazer Hines) are captured by the Yeti.

Opposite, below: Sergeant Arnold, pawn of the Intelligence.

This page, above: Anne Travers (Tina Packer).

Left: Professor Travers (Jack Watling). Photos © BBC

Above: Professor Travers. Photo © BBC

PRODUCTION

After completion of location filming on *The Abominable Snowmen*, the first *Doctor Who* serial to feature the Intelligence and its robot Yeti, the production team were confident that the Yeti would be popular. Thus on Wednesday 27th September 1967 – three days before the broadcast of *The Abominable Snowmen* Episode One – story editor Peter Bryant commissioned the serial's writers, Mervyn Haisman and Henry Lincoln, to write a sequel. Aware that he would soon take over as producer, Bryant wanted more stories featuring monsters which seemed popular with the public. Haisman and Lincoln decided to set their second serial on Earth once more and reuse the character of Travers, with guest star Jack Watling agreeing to reprise this part a few months later. The writers and Bryant were also keen to set the Doctor's adventures far closer to home and regularly bring alien menaces to Earth. They struck upon the sinister setting of the London Underground railway network. On Monday 13th November the serial *The Web of Fear* displaced Victor Pemberton's *The Colony of Devils* (later *Fury from the Deep*) as Serial QQ.

Formally taking up the post of story editor with *The Web of Fear* was Derrick Sherwin, previously an assistant story editor on *The Enemy of the World*. Sherwin had been a scenic artist and lighting designer in the theatre, and then spent two years in the RAF. Leaving the service, he worked as an actor and a freelance writer, serving in the latter capacity on *Crossroads*, *Z Cars* and *United!*. After three years writing, Sherwin was offered a contract on *Doctor Who* by Head of Drama Shaun Sutton, and started work just before Christmas 1967.

The director selected for the serial was Douglas Camfield, who had worked on the series as a production assistant as far back as the first episodes of *Doctor Who*, and had directed the final episode of *Planet of Giants*, *The Crusades*, *The Time Meddler* and *The Daleks' Master Plan* before moving on to *Watch the Birdies* and *Z Cars*. The designer on the serial was David Myerscough-Jones, making his *Doctor Who* debut, while the visual effects were handled by Ron Oates who had worked on *The Ice Warriors* only weeks earlier. The costumes and make-up continued to be designed and supervised by Martin Baugh and Sylvia James respectively, as they had been since *The Abominable Snowmen*.

SHORT CUTS

Various cuts were made to the scripts before recording. Episode 1 lost a brief scene of the Doctor's party in the TARDIS engulfed by the web; two short scenes of Jamie and Victoria trying to overhear Staff Sergeant Arnold's party while Corporal Blake nervously listens for sounds in the tunnel; and a section featuring Harold Chorley trying in vain to interview Anne Travers. The characters of Craftsman Weams and Corporal Blake were also swapped over for the tunnel scenes, thus making Weams the more nervy soldier.

Episode 2 lost dialogue in which Captain Knight speculates why Jamie and Victoria are in the tunnels; Chorley being exasperated by Victoria and commenting on how he is eager for action; Travers expounding on events in Tibet to his daughter; and some of the scene in which Weams and Blake discuss the fungus. Towards the end of Episode 3, three scenes were completely removed. The first of these had Anne and her father at work in their laboratory, with Arnold entering briefly to inform him that the Colonel's party is departing. In another scene, a short time later, Travers tells Anne that he suspects Colonel Lethbridge-Stewart (then named simply Colonel Lethbridge) of being the traitor, because of something at the back of his mind "about a face". The next scene was also deleted: this had the Colonel and Arnold in the tunnels, with Arnold suddenly stopping and turning back towards the fortress and commenting, "Someone talking about us I reckon".

Episode 4 lost some dialogue in which Victoria talks to Driver Evans about the TARDIS; reduced the length of the scene involving the discovery of web-covered corpses of soldiers at the fortress; and limited the degree of Jamie's puzzlement at the precautions the Doctor took with the web sample. An entire scene was also lost to avoid the use of the surface door set – this has the Colonel and Blake preparing to lead the soldiers to the surface with the Colonel reminding them of their limited firepower. One storyline strand eliminated from Episodes 5 and 6 was the Colonel's speculation as to whether Arnold was immune to the fungus. The end of the Episode 5 scene in which the Doctor proved his control machine to be a success was also cut, and lost the Doctor's realisation that he could block all the Yeti transmissions if he could get back to the fortress.

No firm date was given for the events in this story, although the teleplay allows approximations. In Episode 1, Silverstein states that the Yeti has been in his museum for thirty years. In Episode 2, when Travers meets Jamie and Victoria, he recalls he saw them over forty years ago. Later in the same episode – in a scene inserted very shortly before studio recording – a conversation between Anne and Victoria dates the Tibetan expedition as 1935, meaning that the sequel is set sometime around 1975.

The name of the Goodge Street HQ's original commanding officer who had been killed prior to events in the storyline was given as Colonel Pemberton, named after Victor Pemberton, the assistant story editor on *The Abominable Snowmen*. The script gave

Jamie's surname incorrectly as 'McCrimmond' throughout. It was Camfield who altered the name of the Colonel from Lethbridge to Lethbridge-Stewart shortly before recording, feeling that the double-barrelled Scottish name sounded more authentic. The director was keen to make the Colonel realistic, basing him on 'Mad Mitch', a respected member of the Argyles who would never ask his men to do anything he was not prepared to do himself. Documentation concerning Lethbridge-Stewart on this occasion indicates that his surname is hyphenated: the hyphen is retained in *The Invasion* and *Spearhead from Space*, but is generally absent from *Doctor Who and the Silurians* onwards.

Any hope of filming in London Underground tunnels was quashed early on when the London Transport Press Office informed Camfield's team that they would want £200 an hour for the use of their facilities, and even then only for the short periods of 2am to 5am. The production team had hoped to film on the platform of Aldwych on Friday 15th December (for the arrival of the TARDIS and other platform scenes) when the station would be shut, and outside the booking hall and entrance gate of Covent Garden on the morning of Sunday 17th December (for Episode 4 scenes of the Colonel and his men). Other locations would have to be found.

Camfield selected Nicholas Courtney to play Captain Knight, having used Courtney before as Bret Vyon in *The Daleks' Master Plan*, and giving him a starring role in *Watch the Birdies*. *The Web of Fear* would be the first of many serials in which Courtney would feature on a semi-regular basis. Born in Egypt 1931, Courtney hailed from a diplomatic family. He had started acting during his National Service, where he never rose above the rank of private. He continued acting in rep in England, trained at the Webber-Douglas School, and moved to London in 1961, appearing on television in such programmes as *The Avengers*, *Sword of Honour*, *The Champions* and *Softly, Softly*.

Towards the end of November, the roles in the serial had to be reallocated. Actor David Langton was offered work elsewhere and so had to back out of playing Colonel Lethbridge, and another actor, Nicholas Selby, was similarly disinterested. Camfield promoted Courtney up from Captain, and cast Ralph Watson to play Knight. For the role of the Colonel, Courtney wore a false moustache.

YETI MARK II

For the new serial, the production team felt the Yeti should be more frightening. The four original Yeti costumes were by now in a poor state, their internal bamboo frames having fallen apart. One of these had been loaned to the *Daily Mail* Boys and Girls' Exhibition in December 1967, and another had featured on a *Whicker's World* where it chased Alan Whicker around Highgate Cemetery. New Yeti costumes were made by freelance prop builders Jack and John Lovell, this time using grey yak hair for the tough hide. The new Yeti had larger claws, a thick hoop of skin around the waist and illuminating eyes, which replaced the black fur pelt, that had previously formed the 'face'. There was also an allowance made for the cobweb guns carried by the Yeti. These discharged smoke under pressure through pipes which could be hidden in the arms of the Yeti skins. The four new Yeti were somewhat smaller than their predecessors.

Live action shooting on 35mm film began on Friday 15th December, 1967 at Stages 3A and 3B of the BBC's Television Film Studios at Ealing. Shooting on this day involved the TARDIS crew arriving at Covent Garden station and exploring the platform in Episode 1, the scenes of the Doctor arriving at Charing Cross and hiding from the two Yeti (three were planned in the script) and also being blasted back in the 'explosion' at the end of the episode, and the scenes of Corporal Lane, Private O'Brien (the soldier played by Patrick O'Connell) and another soldier (James Jordan, whose character was referred to as Brown in the script) being attacked by Yeti in the tunnels in Episode 2. The regular cast of Patrick Troughton, Frazer Hines and Deborah Watling were required, being taken out of rehearsals for Episode 3 of *The Enemy of the World* which was recorded the next day. This saw the only use of the TARDIS prop in the serial, and the quarter-size platform set appeared throughout the story as different locations by altering the name plate and camera angles. The scripts were rewritten slightly for filming, such as in the addition of the Doctor's comment that the TARDIS keeps landing on Earth (referring to *The Abominable Snowmen*, *The Ice Warriors* and *The Enemy of the World*).

The main location day was Sunday 17th December, with Alan Jonas' camera crew starting to film at 9am on the battle scenes for Episode 4. These action sequences were arranged by stunt expert Derek Ware, who had worked with Camfield before. The Yeti costumes proved problematic when it became clear that they were too restricting to allow the planned action sequences. It was hoped that the Yeti could pick up soldiers and hurl them about, but the heavy costumes made it difficult for the operators to move.

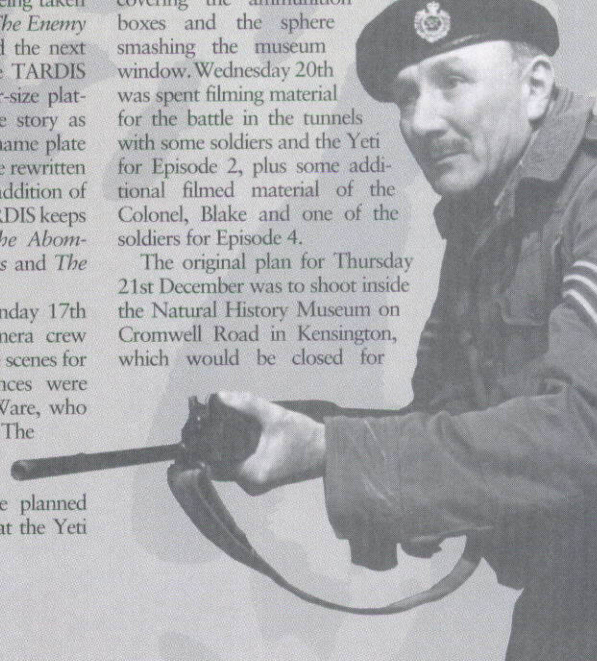
Shooting on a Sunday meant that the requirement for crowd control would be minimal. The venue used was a yard owned by the company of TJ Poupart just off Shelton Street in Old Covent Garden. To avoid having to produce the Intelligence's radio-wave-blocking mists on location, a line of dialogue in Episode 4 explained that the mist followed the route of the Circle Line, and was not directly above the Goodge Street HQ or Covent Garden.

The principle cast required for the filming comprised Courtney and Richardson Morgan as the Colonel and Blake. Six soldiers appeared under the Colonel's command, including a number of HAVOC stuntmen. A short sequence of the Colonel leading his men through the deserted streets near Covent Garden was also filmed for Episode 4. However, the limited number of hours of daylight on one of the shortest days of the year meant that by dusk, Camfield had not managed to film all the battle.

Monday 18th to Wednesday 20th saw the crew based at Ealing Film Studios for other effects inserts and tunnel scenes. A large section of tunnel in the shape of a Y-junction was built on the sound stages, and was used for some of the earlier tunnel scenes and battle sequences. Filming for Episode 1 on Monday 18th included the Doctor's party seeing Arnold, Weams and Blake laying the cable along the subways. This meant taking the regulars out of rehearsals for *The Enemy of the World* Episode 4. Also filmed that day were the scenes of Jamie and Evans encountering the web at Monument Station for the end of Episode 2 and then two Yeti at the start of Episode 3. Scenes at Covent Garden in Episode 2 with Arnold and Blake searching for the Doctor were also filmed this day.

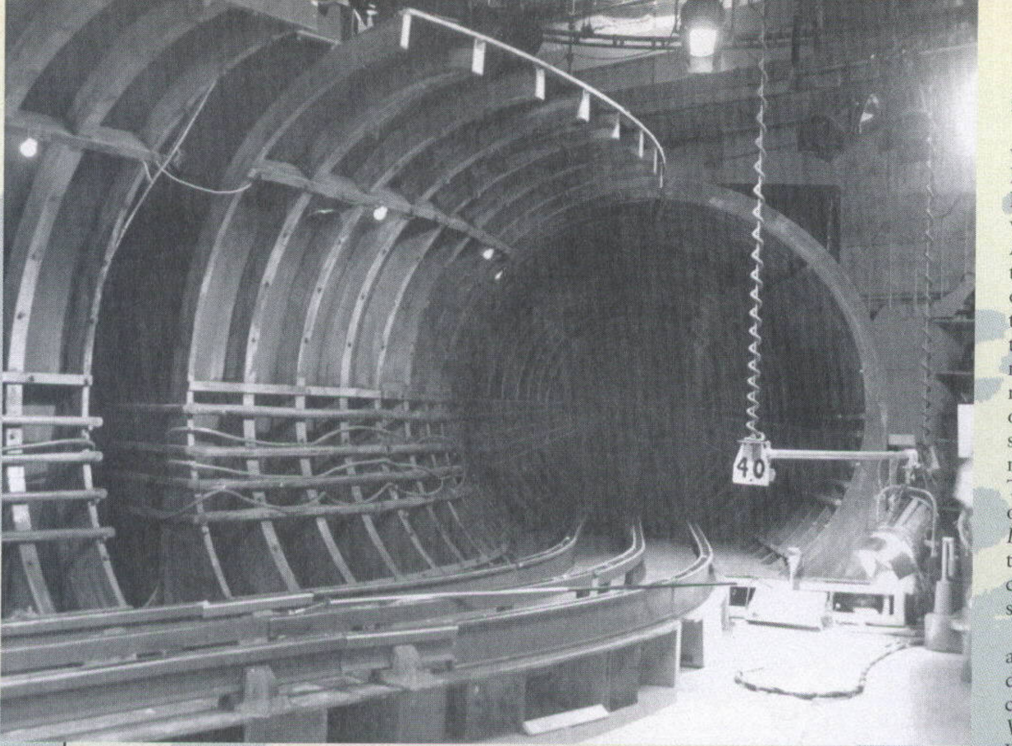
For reasons unknown, planned model filming on Tuesday 19th does not seem to have taken place, although plans were made to shoot the model TARDIS, model underground platforms covered in web, a small pyramid, the laboratory walls crumbling to admit the fungus, cobwebs covering the ammunition boxes and the sphere smashing the museum window. Wednesday 20th was spent filming material for the battle in the tunnels with some soldiers and the Yeti for Episode 2, plus some additional filmed material of the Colonel, Blake and one of the soldiers for Episode 4.

The original plan for Thursday 21st December was to shoot inside the Natural History Museum on Cromwell Road in Kensington, which would be closed for



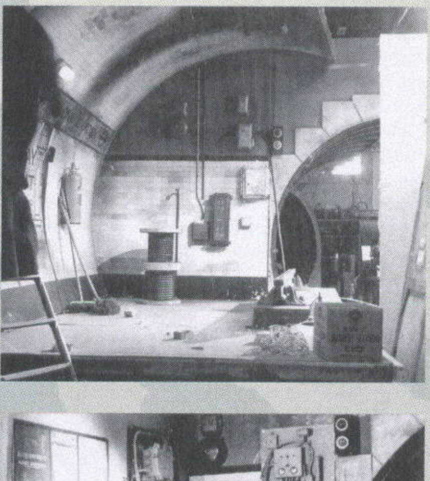
Left:
Anne Travers.

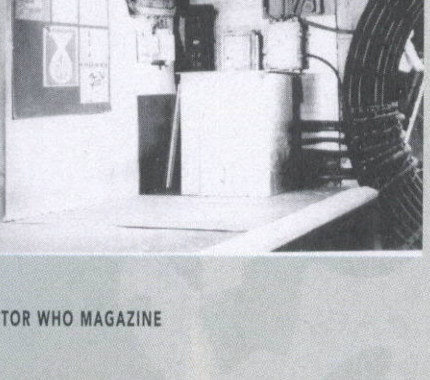
Below:
Sergeant Arnold ready for action.
Photos © BBC



Christmas from Monday 18th. Attempts had been made to arrange this in late November, and a number of actors were contracted. Those required were Jack Watling, Tina Packer, Frederick Schrecker, Colin Warman and Desmond Cullum-Jones (who had appeared in *The War Machines* Episode 2 as a worker), and the sequence concerned involved a Yeti returning to life and killing Silverstein in Episode 1. However, unknown circumstances forced the abandonment of this session, so the crew began their Christmas holiday knowing they now had two remounts to schedule.

On Thursday 28th an erroneous caption slide order asked for the serial caption to read *Doctor Who and the Web of Fear*. This was corrected to *The Web of Fear* on Tuesday 2nd January 1968. In late December, it was arranged that the museum sequence should be remounted on Wednesday 3rd at Ealing. The cast required was Watling, Packer, Schrecker and Warman, with Cullum-Jones' appearance as the Commissionaire now being omitted in script rewrites – the scene now set in a private museum owned by Silverstein (accordingly, the script for Episode 3, in which a reference to the mist first being seen at the Natural History Museum, was also rewritten). This schedule meant that Schrecker completed his only scene on film. Jack Watling now had to play a Travers who was forty years older than before, and so used a bushier white beard, a pair of spectacles and other aging make-up as well as a slightly padded outfit. Watling also deepened his voice to indicate the passing decades.





The scene used both an original Yeti and one of the Mark II costumes. The former appeared as the dormant robot at the start of the scene. After the control sphere entered the Yeti, the film then cross-faded from the original creature to its new counterpart – the script indicated "as it begins to transfer into its new image". Props from the original Yeti story such as control spheres and pyramids were brought out of storage for reuse. One control sphere was attached to a black rod so that it could hover outside the museum before smashing through the glass. The extra day needed for the battle sequences was scheduled at the premises of TJ Poupart on Sunday 14th January.

Oates' visual effects team completed the model filming on silent 35mm on Monday 8th January at the puppet stage at Television Centre. This included the shots of the TARDIS suspended in space and becoming covered in cobwebs in Episode 1, with a form of stop-motion animation being used to add more layers of latex webbing from a standard film tool, the cobweb gun. The same telecine insert was run backwards when the web vanished. For Episode 5, two model sets were built to show the web – in the form of fire-fighting foam – pouring into Goodge Street HQ, bursting through the wall to enter the laboratory and then filling the corridor of the HQ.

In the first serial, the Yeti had been silent apart from the bleeping of their control spheres – reused in the new serial. Another move to make them more frightening was to add a 'Yeti roar', with Brian Hodgson of the Radiophonic Workshop modulating the sound of the workshop's lavatory being flushed to achieve the right noise.

Rehearsals for each episode took place the week before recording at St Helen's Church Hall. Cast as London Television reporter Harold Chorley was Jon Rollason, a writer/actor who had appeared in *The Avengers*. All recordings for *The Web of Fear* took place at Lime Grove Studio D, starting on Saturday 13th January with Episode 1 (at this point *Doctor Who* was being recorded three weeks prior to transmission). After a morning and afternoon rehearsing in studio, recording took place from 8.30pm to 9.45pm on all except the final episode. All the Yeti scenes for Episode 1 had been pre-filmed, so none of the monsters appeared in studio. Throughout the serial, the new version of the opening theme tune (introduced with *The Faceless Ones*) was used at both the start and the end of the episodes, and the three opening caption slides were superimposed over the title sequence.

Two of the cameras used on Episode 1 had a periscope fitted to give a floor-level shot during the early TARDIS scenes, which carried on directly from *The Enemy of the World* Episode 6. For this scene, Deborah Watling retained the skirt and jumper she had worn on the previous serial, changing into her Sixties hippy gear (the script describes her outfit as "a mandarin jacket over tailored slacks") during the subsequent film sequence. The effect of the TARDIS flying with its doors open was achieved with lighting effects and by rolling the cameras about. In this first scene Troughton wore a plaster on his left cheek as continuity to *The Enemy of the World*. Again, during the film sequence this was removed and a make-up scratch applied. The TARDIS control room set was rather small, using a number of photographic blow-up walls. After the doors closed, a recording break allowed the periscopes to be removed from the cameras, and the Doctor's explanation that Salamander was sucked out "by the air pressure caused by air speed velocity" was dropped. Another recording break was scheduled just after the Doctor's party looked at the web on the scanner screen – a monochrome monitor on which a caption slide of the web spreading across the screen was shown, followed by the scanner clearing and then a star scape and finally a photo of a tunnel roof.

DEATH OF A SALESMAN

On the small Covent Garden entrance set, extra Bert Sim as the newspaper seller was covered in cobwebs from the latex strand guns. After this scene, a recording break allowed the regular cast to move back to the main platform set – which was Covent Garden in Episode 1, becoming Cannon Street in Episode 2, St Paul's in Episode 3 and Piccadilly in the final two episodes. The three tunnel sections (straight, curved and Y-fork) which had featured at Ealing were also erected for taping some scenes at Lime Grove. The third recording break came after Arnold captured Jamie and Victoria.

Goodge Street HQ had some connected sets. The corridor with stairs at one end led to the Common Room, and also the laboratory from Episode 2 onwards. Separate from this was the Ops Room, which made effective use of an illuminated map of the London Underground. This monitored the progress of the web, with the lamps being extinguished to indicate the loss of Euston Square, King's Cross, St Pancras, Farringdon, Aldersgate, Liverpool Street and Aldgate in Episode 2, Knightsbridge, Regent's Street, St Paul's and Russell Square in Episode 3, Oxford Circus, Green Park, Trafalgar Square and Strand in

Episode 4 and Warren Street in Episode 5. A further break in taping came just after Knight orders the tunnel to be blown in, with another shortly afterwards to allow Knight to move from the Common Room back to the Ops Room.

The closing credits for Episode 1 were rolled over some over-exposed telecine material of cells multiplying under a microscope. With all the material on videotape, the episodes were edited together the following Monday, with a playback for the production team on Thursday.

A special trailer recorded by Troughton on the tunnel set of Episode 1 had the actor performing a short introduction, which ran to one minute forty seconds. This consisted of the Doctor running along the tunnel, and then stopping to talk to the camera/audience. "Thank Goodness . . . oh, it's you . . . I thought for one moment it was . . . oh . . . just sit down for a minute . . . oh. I'm glad I met you as a matter of fact, there's something I want to tell you. When we – uh – when we start out on our next adventure – Jamie, Victoria and I – we meet some old friends. Yes, and we also meet some old enemies. Very old enemies. Yes – uh – the Yeti as a matter of fact. Only um, this time they're . . . they're just a little bit more frightening than last time, hmm? So I'd better warn you that if your mummy or daddy are scared, you just get them to hold your hand." There is the sound of gunfire, prompting the Doctor to exclaim: "Here we go again. I've got to go. See you soon – I hope!" This was followed by an action film sequence montage, backed by forty seconds of *Spine Chiller*, a piece of stock music composed and performed by Edwin Braden. Originally, the Doctor's final line was to have been "Oh dear, time to go, see you next week!", but this was changed when it was realised that *Doctor Who* might not be transmitted weekly overseas.

Left:
The Yeti invade the Goodge Street HQ. Photo © BBC

With Episode 1 completed, Troughton took a week's holiday and was absent from Episode 2. On Sunday 14th January Camfield's team returned to TJ Poupart's to complete the battle scene.

Episode 2 was taped on Saturday 20th. The episode opened with a brief re-enactment of the final Ops Room scene and a reprise of the film sequence of the Doctor being blasted back from the boxes. Many recording pauses were allowed for the actors to move around the fortress sets, and the first recording break came after Anne asking about the 'time machine' to allow sets to be moved. The next recording break came after Arnold's party met up with Knight's and both were captured by the Yeti, allowing the barricade to be removed and the actors repositioned in the tunnel.

The effect of the web moving down the tunnels was generally achieved by draping gauze curtains bearing a web design over the darkened sets, and then illuminating these at intervals with close-range lighting.

Courtney did not join the recordings until Episode 3, and so the Colonel's feet which appeared in close-up towards the end of Episode 2 were those of Maurice Brooks, an extra playing a soldier (referred to in the script as Peters). The closing film sequence of Episode 2 had the stock film of cells reproducing superimposed over the spread of the web down the tunnel towards Evans and Jamie.

The specially-made trailer was broadcast at 5.48pm on Saturday 27th January directly after *The Enemy of the World* Episode 6.

Saturday 27th January also saw the recording of Episode 3, which began with a continuation of the film sequence featuring Jamie, Evans and the pyramid-carrying Yeti from the end of Episode 2.

One scene in Episode 3 showed the Colonel's briefing session, with Blake and Knight giving a slide show charting the spread of the mist and web across London. For these images, stock slides of London including some foggy aerial shots were used, touched up by a graphic artist. The slides came from photographs of deserted London provided by Hugh Tosh. Six London landmarks were requested from a list of nine suggestions, which included the steps of St Pauls', Trafalgar Square, Buckingham Palace, Tower Bridge, Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London, Admiralty Arch, the Houses of Parliament courtyard and Downing Street. Onto some of these were added pictures of Yeti from a special photocall. The Doctor identified the Yeti as being of a different design, referring to them as a Mark II.

As well as control spheres, Travers had also kept the Yeti models from his first encounter with the Intelligence, the figurines having been used by Padmasambhava to guide the robots. These appeared in Episodes 3 and 4, and were now also devices the Yeti could home in on and attack. The explosives store at Goodge Street was also seen in Episode 3, with the bombs and detonators covered in latex web.

Radio Times carried a full-page preview article entitled *Dr Who Goes Underground* in the Thursday 1st February issue. Surrounded by artwork from Richard Jackson of the Doctor, a web-covered TARDIS, the Yeti and Jamie and Victoria in the tunnels, writer Gay Search introduced *Dr. Who and the Web of Fear*.

POSSESSED PROFESSOR

Episode 4 was taped hours after the transmission of Episode 1. Jack Watling only featured briefly, being kidnapped by the Yeti in the first scene, and then returning for the cliffhanger. When possessed by the Intelligence, Watling spoke in a rasping voice, partially based on Padmasambhava's delivery in *The Abominable Snowmen*. For the scenes in the wrecked Ops Room, care was taken not to show Weams' corpse so that Stephen Whittaker did not have to be rehired.

For the sequence in which Arnold and Lane attempted to traverse the webbed tunnel on a trolley, the stock film of cellular matter was superimposed on the picture. A recording break was then scheduled part-way through to allow Rod Beacham (an actor who was later to develop story ideas for the series) to be covered in latex web for the shot where Evans retrieved the trolley.

During rehearsals for Episode 5, the regular cast spent a couple of days at Margate filming scenes for the next serial, *Fury from the Deep*. Saturday 10th February was the studio recording day for Episode 5, and taping began with a very brief re-enactment of the final laboratory scene. The web effect used in the tunnels was also seen in the sequence where the Colonel and Jamie attempt to get above ground by using the surface door at Goodge Street, only to find the fungus bearing down on them.

The radio-controlled sphere built for *The Abominable Snowmen* was reused for the recording of Episode 5, as the Doctor demonstrates that the unit will obey his vocal commands. For the scenes at Piccadilly, Jack Woolgar provided the sinister voice of the Intelligence using the station's PA system.

The Web of Fear concluded recording on Saturday 17th February, with an extra fifteen minutes taping allowing an 8.15pm start. The episode opened with the film model sequence of the fungus entering the fortress seen at the end of Episode 5.

Woolgar again provided the hissing voice of the Intelligence and, after having been revealed to be the traitor, used the same tones for his performance as Arnold when he guides the Doctor to the knowledge-draining machine. Parts of the Intelligence's speeches later in the episode had been pre-recorded. The headsets worn by the Doctor and Arnold in this sequence were a series of probes connected to the pyramid, described in the script as "simple but at the same time, bizarre. On no account should it look funny".

The climax of the action required a recording break, during which the large pyramid was removed from the set, dry ice smoke set up and Woolgar made up with burn make-up. Recording then started again with a model of the pyramid superimposed on the empty set, and this model then exploded on cue. During Arnold's death, the camera aperture was widened to over-expose the picture, causing Jack Woolgar's face to blacken. During the next scene, a dummy corpse for Arnold was quickly added to the debris. After the closing credits, a caption slide reading *Next Week: Fury from the Deep* was inserted.

Right: British soldiers face the might of the Yeti. Photo © Derek Ware

Episode 4 of *The Web of Fear* was also promoted in *Radio Times* by a further piece from Gay Search, a half-page item entitled *The Day My Knees Turned Blue*. This was an interview with Hines about his background, his double-act with Troughton and the extremly cold conditions on location.

The transmission of Episode 6 was followed by a forty-five-second videotape trailer for *Fury from the Deep* with narration by Geoffrey Lewis. *The Web of Fear* saw a rise in the viewing figures for *Doctor Who*. For the first time since September, the series featured in the Top 40 programmes for the week of Episode 6, and the audience appreciation figures were healthy. Competition around the regions from ITV consisted of shows such as *The Bugs Bunny Show* on ABC, reruns of *Sword of Freedom* on ATV-London and Gerry and Sylvia Anderson's new *Captain Scarlet and the Mysterons* on Southern.

After transmission of the early episodes, London Transport complained to the BBC – they suspected that Camfield had somehow managed to shoot on their premises without permission.

The serial was sold abroad as 16mm film recordings. Australia purchased *The Web of Fear* in June 1968, passing all the episodes uncut with a 'G' rating. New Zealanders got to see *The Web of Fear* over the summer of 1971, having acquired it in November 1970. Hong Kong, Singapore, Gibraltar, Zambia and Nigeria also purchased the story.

The story was novelised by Terrance Dicks and published as *Doctor Who and the Web of Fear* in August 1976, with simultaneous issue in paperback from Target Books and hardback from Allan Wingate. The book omitted various short sections and altered the order of various events – making the Doctor's absence from Episode 2 less obvious. It also included the first meeting between the Doctor and the Colonel, which happened off-screen in the teleplay. Later numbered as Book No. 72, the original cover painting was by Chris Achilleos and showed the Doctor, Arnold and a Yeti. August 1978 saw the paperback reissued with a pale blue logo instead of a purple one, and the 1983 reprint replaced the Achilleos artwork with a new cover by Andrew Skilleter showing a Yeti and a web-covered TARDIS in space. A December 1994 re-issue of the paperback, as *Doctor Who – The Web of Fear,* had another new cover, this time painted by Alister Pearson in December 1994. The novelisation was also included in *The Doctor Who Omnibus* published in 1977 by Book Club Associates.

During the early Seventies the 625 line videotapes of *The Web of Fear* and its overseas 16mm telerecordings were all junked by the BBC as being of no further marketable use. In 1978 BBC Archive selector Sue Malden found a 16mm telerecording of Episode 1 totally by chance, at the top of a pile of film cans returned from Hong Kong which were waiting to be destroyed. In addition to the first episode, telesnaps taken by John Cura also exist for the whole serial.

BSB screened *The Web of Fear* Episode 1 twice during its special *Doctor Who* weekend of Saturday 22nd and Sunday 23rd September, 1990, and an extract from the episode is included on *Doctor Who – The Troughton Years* issued by BBC Video in June 1991. In 1987 the Doctor Who Appreciation Society issued a cassette entitled *Space Adventures* which included several bands of stock music from the serial. In July 1993 sound effects from the serial were included on the CD *Doctor Who: 30 Years at the Radiophonic Workshop*.

Andrew Pixley

Serial QQ The Web of Fear

CAST: Patrick Troughton (*Dr Who*) with Jack Watling (*Professor Travers*), Jack Woolgar (*Staff Sergeant Arnold*), Tina Packer (*Anne Travers*) and Frazer Hines (*Jamie*), Deborah Watling (*Victoria*) with Frederick Schrecker (*Julius Silverstein*) [1], Rod Beacham (*Corporal Lane*) [1-4], Richardson Morgan (*Corporal Blake*) [1-4], Ralph Watson (*Captain Knight*) [1-4], Jon Rollason (*Harold Chorley*) [1-3,6], Stephen Whittaker (*Craftsman Weams*) [1-3], Bernard G. High (*Soldier*) [1]; John Levene [1-2,4-6], Gordon Stothard [1-2,4-6], Colin Warman [1,4] (*Yeti*); Joseph O'Connell (*Soldier*) [2], Derek Pollitt (*Driver Evans*) [2-6]; John Lord [2,4,6], Jeremy King [2-3] (*Yeti*); Nicholas Courtney (Col. Lethbridge-Stewart) [3-6], Roger Jacombs (*Yeti*) [6].

EXTRAS: Bert Sims (*Corpse of Newspaper Seller*); Maurice Brooks (*Soldier [Peters]/Feet of Col. Lethbridge-Stewart*); James Jordan (*Soldier [Brown]*); David Hacquet, Peter Adams (*Paratroopers/Soldiers*); Terry Walsh, Derek Martin, Douglas Kirk, James Jordan, Philip Ryan, Tim Condren (*Soldiers at Covent Garden*); Jack Woolgar (*Intelligence Voice*).

CREDITS: Written by Mervyn Haisman and Henry Lincoln. Fight arranged by Derek Ware [4]. Title Music by Ron Grainer and the BBC Radiophonic Workshop. Special Sound by Brian Hodgson, BBC Radiophonic Workshop*. Visual Effects designed by Ron Oates*. Costume: Martin Baugh*. Make-up: Sylvia James*. Lighting: Clive Leighton*. Sound: Ray Angel*. Film Cameraman: Alan Jonas* [also Jimmy Court uncredited on 4]. Film Editors: Philip Barnikel, Colin Hobson*. Story Editor: Derrick Sherwin. Designer: David Myerscough-Jones. Producer: Peter Bryant. Directed by Douglas Camfield.
** Credited on Episode 6 only*

UK BROADCAST DETAILS

Episode 1	3rd February 1968	5.25pm – 5.50pm
Episode 2	10th February 1968	5.15pm – 5.40pm
Episode 3	17th February 1968	5.25pm – 5.50pm
Episode 4	24th February 1968	5.25pm – 5.50pm
Episode 5	2nd March 1968	5.25pm – 5.50pm
Episode 6	9th March 1968	5.25pm – 5.50pm

Viewing Figures

Episode 1: 7.2M (82nd), Episode 2: 6.8M (80th), Episode 3: 7.0M (71st), Episode 4: 8.4M (52nd), Episode 5: 8.0M (48th), Episode 6: 8.3M (36th)

Audience Appreciation Figures

Episode 1: 54%, Episode 2: 53%, Episode 3: 51%, Episode 4: 53%, Episode 5: 55%, Episode 6: 55%

The Telesnap Archive

compiled by Matthew Pereira

The Highlanders

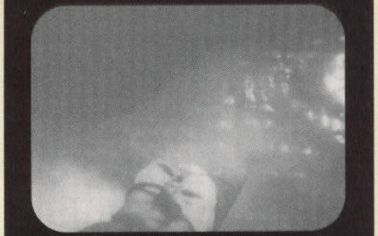
Episode Three

by Elwyn Jones and Gerry Davis

Directed by Hugh David

Transmitted 31st December 1966

During the Seventies, many episodes of *Doctor Who* held in the BBC archive – mainly from the early years of the programme – were destroyed by the Corporation, and have been lost for ever. Fortunately, at the time of broadcast, a number of the producers and directors of these serials employed freelance photographer John Cura to obtain a series of off-screen photographs of their episodes. These photographs – known as 'telesnaps' – now form the only visual record of some of the Doctor's greatest adventures . . .



The plank creaks as it is slowly tilted away from the ship. The dead body tumbles into the sea. "Once aboard the Annabelle that's the only way you'll get off 'errrr!" Trask spits. "Straight downwaarrds, arrrrrrr!"

In the hold of the ship, the resting prisoners are awakened when the hatch above them opens and daylight streams through.

"Down there," Trask bawls, forcing the men down the steps. Ben and Jamie complain about the cramped conditions and receive a sharp warning. "Another word out of you and I'll be down 'ere with my cutlass," Trask threatens, and closes the hatch.

"You can hardly breathe," moans Ben. "At least we're alive," the Laird replies, and tells a concerned Jamie that his fever is now passing. "Hey, mate," Ben calls to one of the other prisoners, "got any idea where they're sending us?"

The man hears Ben's Cockney accent and accuses him of being a spy. He decides to strike another blow for Scotland. "Will Mackay," croaks the Laird, putting himself between the two of them, "will you strike a friend of the Prince?" The man stops as he recognises the Laird.

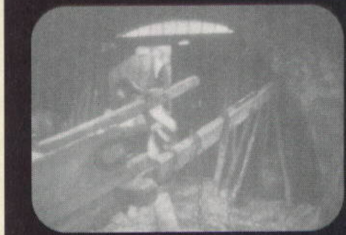
"I crave your pardon," Mackay replies as Colin explains how Ben helped them. "A friend of the McLaren's is a friend of mine," he adds, to Ben's relief. He then asks how the Englishman came to be with them.

"He's a deserter," replies Jamie, "An English sailor." Mackay states that he too is a man of the sea, and informs them he is the master of the Annabelle. "If you're the skipper," asks Ben, "What's that Trask geezer doing on the bridge?"

"That shark was ma mate," Mackay spits. "I was running arms from France past the blockades. Trask betrayed me. The navy boarded the Annabelle and now he's sailing the ship for King George."

Ben expresses doubts that the former mate is working solely for the King, and guesses that Trask intends to sell them all. "Slave labour, that's what we are going to be!" Ben announces.

Meanwhile, Polly waits in a barn. From outside she hears the sound of a twig snap and the noise of geese unsettled by someone approaching. Reaching for the pistol, she carefully takes aim at the door.



The door to the barn opens and Kirsty enters with a large basket. "You gave me such a fright. Did you get everything?" says a relieved Polly. "Aye," Kirsty replies, "The clothes for you and trays and oranges."

"Hey, these are great," says Polly, taking the clothes. "Last time we went back to the past I had to wear boys' clothes all the time," she adds. She takes one of the trays and starts to fill the base with the oranges.

"You're not going to have us selling oranges?" says Kirsty. She claims that it is a trade normally plied by coarse and common girls. "The sort that hang around soldiers," adds Polly, explaining that it is the best way to find where their friends have been taken.

In the busy local tavern, the disguised Doctor buys a drink from the bar and takes a seat in the corner. Suddenly a distressed Lieutenant Ffinch storms in. "Sit down, sit down," he tells a groups of soldiers as they rise to attention.

"Wench," Ffinch snaps impatiently, "get me some wine." A serving girl brings him tankard. "Be off with you," he says sharply, after looking at his emptied purse. "I'll pay later." Taking a swig, Ffinch relaxes and becomes less pensive.

Outside the tavern, the sergeant recognises Polly and Kirsty as they pass, displaying their wares. "All right you two," he says grabbing them, "in here and see the officer."

The Doctor notices his friends and quickly turns away. "All right, you scum, get back," bellows the sergeant as the soldiers crowd round the girls. "Och, you're so brave," mocks Kirsty, putting down her tray. "Very funny," he retorts and points them towards Ffinch in the corner.

"Algernon," cries Polly, spying the dozing officer. "Oh no," he sighs. "These two look like the rebels we were searching for yesterday," the sergeant announces.

"What a nasty man," Polly says, cuddling up to the officer. "Tell him we're not, Algy dear," she coos. Ffinch tries to protest as Kirsty sidles up to him. "Aye, we're old friends," she adds. The embarrassed officer quickly dismisses the grinning sergeant who proceedes to clear the soldiers from the inn.

Polly demands to know where her friends are. "In prison I expect, where they belong," Ffinch replies. "They're not, we've checked," says Kirsty. "I don't know, I just round them up," he protests, and tells them that prisoners are Solicitor Grey's responsibility.

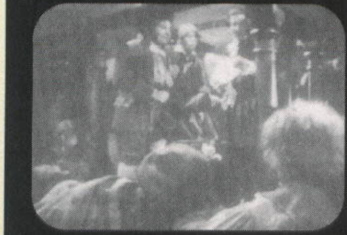
"Can I go?" he pleads, "I haven't had a wink of sleep." "Oh, you poor thing," mocks Polly and lets him go. The Doctor follows him to the door but turns away when Perkins enters. Ffinch informs the clerk of the two girls' wish to see the solicitor.

The Doctor, trying to hide his face, accidentally collides with Perkins who gallantly helps the 'old lady' to sit down again. The clerk informs the girls that the solicitor is currently attending to his duties. "Giving some rebel prisoners the choice between life and death," he chuckles.

Grey addresses the prisoners and offers them three choices: hanging, turning King's evidence or signing up to work in His Majesty's colonies in the West Indies for seven years. "Which of you lucky lads will be the first to sign?" he asks.

"Don't touch that pen," Mackay yells as a men steps forward. "I have seen these plantations," he tells the men. "Not one of you men that signs will live out your seven years." He argues they'd be better settling for an honourable death by hanging.

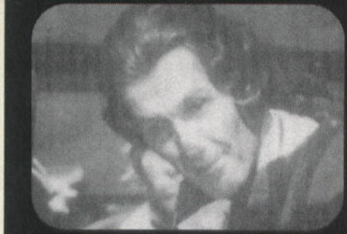
"Listen to me," Grey shouts above the voices of dissent. "You've heard what Mackay here offers you," he scoffs. "Death with honour!" He then tries to charm the prisoners. "I offer you life and a chance to work for your eventual liberty."



"Those of you who wish to sign, over here," Grey concludes, "those of you who wish to hang, over there." All but Mackay, Jamie, Ben and the Laird elect to sign. "Well, Mackay, only four for the gallows?" gloats the solicitor as the others start to sign.

"No, hang on a minute," says Ben leaping up. "I'm not a Scot but can I sign?" Grey is only too pleased to agree, even when Ben asks if he may read the contract first. As he is passed the parchments, Ben rips them in two.

Trask knocks Ben cold. "When I return with new contracts, we'll bind him and drop him from the highest yard-arm," the enraged solicitor snarls, and turns to the remaining prisoners. "The next man who tries to oppose me will not be so fortunate."



Meanwhile at the inn, Perkins belches after another glass of wine. "Mr Grey doesn't seem to be coming," says Polly and decides they should leave. But Perkins, threatening to call the watch, persuades them to play a game of whist.

"You need four for whist," says the 'old lady' to Perkins who tells her to go away. "I'm sure you'll oblige," says the Doctor in his own voice, revealing his gun. "The German Doctor!" exclaims the clerk in recognition. "Perhaps you'd like to cut for trumps?" asks the Doctor.

"Oh dear, clubs," he says, and asks Kirsty to deal. Grey strides into the tavern and asks what Perkins is doing. "Just playing a round of cards," he stammers, conscious of the Doctor's gun. "Well, you can just come up to my room," Grey states, "I need more contracts."

"Remember, you have seen nothing," the Doctor warns Perkins. "What?" replies the confused clerk. "Your eyes," says the Doctor, adopting a German accent. "You vouldn't vant another headache now, would you?"

"Oh no, no, no," the trembling clerk agrees. The Doctor drops his accent and tells the clerk to remain at the table for ten minutes after the 'ladies' have left. Raising the pistol, he warns Perkins that he'll be watching him constantly.

"Now, girls, let's leave this rough place," the Doctor says to his friends. But he returns to whisper in the clerk's ear, "Ten minutes, remember."
"Ten minutes, Doctor," gibbers Perkins, "Ten minutes."

"Come on, it's quite safe," says Polly, leading the Doctor to their hideout in the barn. "That horrible little man's face," comments Polly. "Yes it was a picture right enough," laughs Kirsty.

"Doctor, be careful," cries Polly as he points the pistol towards the door. "You'll have the whole town down on us," adds Kirsty, but he ignores them and squeezes the trigger. "It's not loaded," he explains after the hammer clicks. "They're dangerous things."

"Those dresses really do suit you," Polly tells the Doctor as he climbs on to the straw. "Oh, you saucy girl," he replies and lies down. "Now what are we going to do?" Polly asks. "Do? What do you mean, do?" the Doctor yawns.

"Don't go all sleepy on us now," pleads Polly, stressing that they need to do something. "All right, go ahead," he replies, constructing a makeshift pillow out of the straw. "If only we knew where they were," she sighs.

"They're on a ship – the Annabelle," he informs them. "Master's name is Trask," he adds. "Not a nice man, you wouldn't like him." Polly suggests that they could capture the ship and sail to France, much to the disapproval of Kirsty. "I'll not leave Scotland," she states.

"It would be safer," the Doctor tells the worried Scot. He explains that it would only be for a few years and points out that if they stay in the Glens then they'll more than likely be killed.

Polly asks whether the Doctor has a plan and is taken aback when he replies he hasn't. "Oh, go on, I know you better than that," she cajoles. "You must have a plan." The Doctor pauses for a moment. "Well, it's just a wee idea," he says. Polly urges him to elaborate

"I've only just thought about it," he explains, sitting up. "Won't work, but it would be worth a try." Asking if they have any money, he learns the girls have seventeen guineas. "We want weapons, lots of them," he informs them, "and a rowing boat."

"We can buy the weapons from the English soldiers," explains the Doctor, stating they'll have plenty of 'souvenirs'. "But will they sell them to us?" asks Polly. "You don't know the English soldier," he replies, "He'd sell his grandmother for tuppence ha'penny."

"And then?" asks Kirsty. "We smuggle them aboard the Annabelle," he concludes. "And then what?" asks Polly. "I don't know, we'll think of something," yawns the Doctor and falls asleep.

Polly is unable to rouse him.

A small boat ferrying the solicitor and his clerk emerges from the fog and pulls alongside the Annabelle. "Mr Trask," Grey yells impatiently. When a soldier peers over the side, he orders him to go and fetch the captain.

Grey, closely followed by Perkins, climbs aboard, and awaits the arrival of the captain.

Grey tells the captain that Perkins has drawn up three contracts but this time they only need the prisoners to sign two of them. "Every man jack of them will sign," Trask assures him with relish. "If not with ink, then with blood."

Trask is warned not to be too heavy-handed with the highlanders. "Once they're safely sold in Barbados they can be whipped to death for all I care," the solicitor calmly states. "Until then use a light fist, or you'll answer to me."

"And the London deserter?" asks Trask. "Proceed with the ducking," Grey replies. "It'll serve as a useful . . . 'encouragement' to the rest." Perkins is told to go below to make preparations for the signings and then to bring the deserter up on deck.

"Haven't done very well, have we?" says Polly, looking at their pitiful collection of arms. "They wouldn't take me seriously," admits Kirsty. "I do hope the Doctor's had better luck," adds Polly.

There is a knocking on the barn door. "Who's that?" demands Polly. "Me," replies a familiar voice and the Doctor wheels in a heavily-laden barrow.

"What have you got?" asks Polly, trying to lift the cover. "No," he replies, flicking her hand away. "Let's see yours first." Polly tells him not to tease as they display their collection. "Well, it's a start," he says kindly and uncovers the barrow.

"You must have robbed the Duke's arsenal," gasps Kirsty and reaches for one of the swords. "Just a minute," says the Doctor, grabbing the girl's wrist. He looks at her ring. The girl tries to hide it.

"Oh, that," moans Polly. "That's her father's, she won't let you touch it." The Doctor forces Kirsty to show him the ring. "I'm not surprised," he exclaims. "It's not her father's."

"You're lying, 'tis!" she snaps, pulling back her hand. "Then why has it the Stewart's seal?" he asks. Kirsty says that her father made her promise not to tell how he got it. The Doctor convinces her that now is the right time to reveal where he got the ring.

"The prince gave it to my father of his own hand in the heat of battle," she explains, adding that her father saved the prince's life. "Then it is right and proper that it should now save his life," the Doctor says gently, and asks her to hand him the ring.

Kirsty slowly takes the ring from her finger and passes it to the Doctor. "I wonder," he says, toying with the Prince's ring. "Bait," he adds to the puzzled girls. "Bait for a very greedy man."

Ben stands silently on the deck while Trask checks the men's bindings are secure. "Right, lads," he barks. "Take him up." Ben is slowly hauled into the rigging and swung out over the side.

At the sign from the captain, the rope is released and the Doctor's companion plummets into the sea. The rope is then pulled back up but Ben has vanished . . .

DIRECTED BY
HUGH DAVID
BBC tv

Continued next issue . . .

Timelines

compiled by **Scott Gray**

Send your letters to
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MORE VIRGIN MATERIAL

Having been a reader of **Doctor Who Magazine/Weekly** since Issue 1, the exceptional quality and maturity of the last twelve issues have finally moved me to write. While the magazine has, on the whole, always changed for the best, I think the new 'white-look' introduced with Issue 220 and the arrival of features such as *Fluid Links*, *Out of the TARDIS* and the text story, have elevated it way above any previous standard.

If there is one thing that researchers working this century have learned, it is that information is not just a matter of 'gathering', but also, and perhaps more importantly, a matter of presentation. In this respect, I think your choice of typeface size is really positive: its relative smallness gives the magazine a confident feel; there's nothing worse than big print for giving the impression that the editors are desperate to fill-up space.

Something I would like to see more of in the magazine is a deeper discussion of all the work that is being done to continue the adventures of the Doctor and his adversaries outside of the BBC universe, ie the *New* and *Missing Adventures*, and videos such as *Shakedown*, *Downtime*, etc.

In Issue 230, in response to a letter from B Naismith, you state that "*Doctor Who* is first and foremost a television programme, and [**Doctor Who Magazine**] must look to the televised stories as the magazine's official subject matter". Now, while I agree with the former claim, I think that more attention could be paid to non-televisual *Who* without compromising the magazine's status as being 'the magazine of the television programme'. While we would all like to see a new series of *Doctor Who*, I think we should nevertheless make the best of the situation we have got; people who care about the character are furthering his adventures, albeit in literary rather than televisual form. To dismiss these stories simply because they are not canonical is, I think, to limit the concept of *Who* to a single realm, when the whole ethos of the show has been to break free of limitations, to explore new worlds.

I can anticipate that one argument against incorporating more material on the novels, videos, etc in the magazine is that not everyone is familiar with them and that the appeal of such articles would be limited. However, I think that the writer could easily include background material that would be sufficiently informative to attract the reader's interest, but not give away any major plot details. There could be articles tracing themes or parallels between certain novels, in the same way that articles have, for example, focused on the portrayal of alien cultures and future Earths in the programme. I would be especially interested in reading about the passage of each *New* and *Missing Adventure* from initial idea to finished novel, and in learning of those endings or diversions which never quite make it into print. In this way, **DWM** would be helping to establish as canonical a new literary universe for the Doctor. This can only help to support the projects which endeavour to keep the programme alive, and to maintain the viability of the magazine. I would be interested to see what other readers think.

Keep up the excellent work.

Clive Cazeaux
Cardiff,
South Wales.

While we're always aware of the dedicated following the New *and* Missing Adventures *have built up, Clive, we do feel we've got the amount of coverage about right now. You'll notice that each* Shelf Life *review is now accompanied by an excerpt from the book, to help whet the reader's appetite. The problem with greater regular coverage is the sheer volume of Virgin Book's output: with twenty-four* New *and* Missing Adventures *per year, plus specials such as the* Decalogs *and the upcoming* Who Killed Kennedy?, *trying to cover them all in an in-depth manner would upset the balance of material we strive to maintain in* **DWM**. *Hopefully, last issue's interview with Rebecca Levene and some of the Virgin Books writers went some way to satisfying your desire for more literary* Doctor Who *content.*

NOEL'S GROUSE PARTY

I have been getting **DWM** for the past eleven years now and I think that it's about time I wrote a letter. Every issue I read very kind letters about how wonderful your magazine is. I'd like to break that tradition: on the whole I find your magazine a let-down.

You've found a formula that people are happy with and you want to stick to it. Perfectly understandable but it's a formula that I find dull. You have *Out of the TARDIS* and *Fluid Links*. Well, congratulations, but I don't find them that amazing. Do we have to have an *Archive* every issue? That might not be a popular thing to say, but what's this rush to chronicle every story? Do you know something that you're not telling us? Is it blasphemous to go without the comic strip for the odd issue? The *Archive* takes up eight pages that could be given over to different articles, maybe better articles! Preferably no four-page theses by Philip MacDonald, though.

Variety is the spice of life. Your magazine is basically the same as it was eleven years ago. More pages, more colour, but still the same. I can honestly appreciate the work that goes into producing your magazine but there seems to be an invisible rule book on 'journalism' applied to **DWM**; interviews, reviews, letters etc. Where are these rules written? I admit the need for these basic segments but I want to read a magazine that is not only informative but also thought-provoking, humorous and stimulating.

Okay, you're trying out things like *Out of the TARDIS*. I don't really like it. I understand the intention but I'd rather read an article by Terrance Dicks on how to write a *Doctor Who* script instead of his haircut, even though, I admit, it did raise a smile. The success of your interviews really depends on the subject. I found Matthew Robinson and

THE HIT PARADE

Another member of the **DWM** team wrestles with the mighty bear of received wisdom and plucks a thorn from the paw of free thought, proudly brandishing his ten favourite *Doctor Who* stories. And no mistake.

Gary Russell

Comic strip writer and former editor

1. *Inferno*

"A somewhat oddball adventure which haunts my childhood memories, most notably the sequences involving vast hairy arms being shoved through windows. The alternate Earth stuff is very good, very different and, thankfully, never repeated."

2. *The Robots of Death*

"One of the small group of stories I never tire of watching. The costumes, make-up and sets all depict an environment you can really believe in. Totally awesome."

3. *The Leisure Hive*

"When that awful Peter Howell theme burst into life alongside the most dire title sequence possible, I thought the show had sunk lower than I believed it ever could. But by the time the Doctor's arms were being yanked from his body, I was hooked."

4. *Kinda*

"A story that, despite the snake and Adrian Mills' overacting, is still miles better than most. A good *Doctor Who* story needs a good script before anything else can work. No amount of acting, sets, costumes will save it if the basic script is bad (hello *Earthshock*). *Kinda's* script is of the highest possible standard."

5. *Terror of the Zygons*

"Considering that I couldn't even begin to stomach Tom Baker's Doctor until after he left, this story was a rarity in that I actually wanted to see what happened next. The Zygons themselves had a lot to do with this – monsters with character and motivation were very rare in the Hinchcliffe era but Broton and his chums had it all."

6. *The Seeds of Doom*

"For the first time I thought Tom Baker might have the potential to be quite good when he suddenly refused to help Moberley cut Winlett's arm off, and knocked the chauffeur's teeth down his throat. As an excitable youth, I thought this was what Pertwee would have done. Oh, the vagaries of childhood memories."

7. *The Caves of Androzani*

"After five years of being the odd one out in fandom (I liked *The Five Doctors* and thought *Logopolis* was terrible) my opinion on this story was the same as everyone else's. Best bits: Morgus talking to the camera; the President's death and the end of Part Three (all-time fave cliffhanger). I don't even mind the dragon."

8. *Ghost Light*

"Sylvester and Sophie took a while to settle in. By *Greatest Show* I was finally enjoying this new version of *Doctor Who*, then *Battlefield* ruined everything. But when *Ghost Light* started I forgave them. Glorious and unbeatable McCoy."

9. *The Mind of Evil*

"When I was young (and had a pet tyrannosaur) I once wrote the following in my school book:

I want to be Harry Mailer when I grow up because he wears a nice black costume and shoots people, including the Doctor.

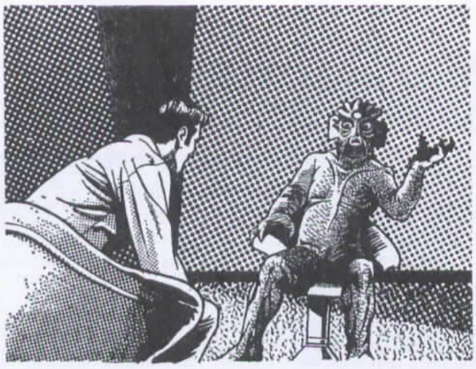
Understandably, my teacher was alarmed."

10. *Doctor Who and the Silurians*

"And we're back where we started with Season Seven for intelligent monsters, intelligent humans and a well-crafted epic adventure that doesn't have one second of padding."

Off TARGET

by Quiquaequod



The success with which Okdel had carved out a niche as a popular chat-show raconteur made him the envy of the noble Silurian Triad

Richard Martin most amusing and revealing due to their slight irreverence toward the programme. But if the interviews don't work and you have the usual standard stuff, then I feel that it has been a poor issue. "Is that it?" is an expression that I regularly use whilst I shake the magazine upside-down hoping that a few extra pages with some decent stuff will fall out. I'd love to get a **Doctor Who Magazine** that is somewhat unpredictable. Every four weeks I know what I'm going to get.

Okay, so I've complained. Do I have any suggestions? Whatever happened to *Nostalgia*, a great article. Whatever happened to *The Comic Assassins*? A great opportunity to send up *Who* stories. I'd be fascinated to read someone giving stories like *The Caves of Androzani* a right old hammering, as I would be by anybody with an intelligent but refreshingly alternate opinion to the many hyped things in *Doctor Who*. I know that's what *Timelines* is for but I'm talking about the destruction of *Doctor Who* icons. Mr MacDonald, any interest?

I'd also like to read fiction by new writers – not established ones and not as predictably indulgent as *Brief Encounters*. Why don't you just put out an issue that is filled totally with original ideas for articles? A naive suggestion I know, but people will still buy it even if it doesn't work. If you look for new ideas, you may find some brilliant ones that will raise the quality of the magazine. *Crazy Caption* and all the other recent additions are nice in a 'non tax the brain' sort of way but I'm talking about stimulating articles. There's that word again. I would associate it with your best article so far – *The JN-T Memoirs*.

You may think that I should be looking towards the fanzine market but I don't see this as an excuse – good quality is good quality. My letter may very well be used as toilet paper but I really believe that **DWM** has gone stale. And before anyone tells me to just shut up and stop reading the mag, let me just say that I'm only writing this because I give a damn and I don't think that **DWM** is fulfilling its potential.

Noel Simpson
Dublin,
Ireland.

This one's for everyone who thinks we make all the letters up ourselves . . . Okay, Noel, your main criticism of **DWM** *seems to be that its format is too rigid. It's been the experience of publishers for decades now that readers prefer titles that adhere to a regular format – in other words, people actually like to have a good idea of what they'll be getting when they plonk down their £2.95 for* **DWM**. *However, we often do try to break up the structure of the magazine – look at this issue's lead feature replacing the traditional interview for an example. We're actively seeking out new ideas for special features, but they have to fit the philosophy of the mag – articles rubbishing popular stories (a very easy thing to do) is the stuff of fanzines. I don't think bringing back* The Comic Assassins *or* Nostalgia *qualifies as "original ideas". We want to look forward, not back.*

And yes, it would be blasphemous to go without the comic strip for the odd issue.

DOMESTIC WHO?

Whilst I agree with the general consensus that *Doctor Who* can only return as a sixty-minute show, I was bemused by Tom Spilsbury and Lawrence Weston's comments in **DWM** 231. They said that a sixty-minute show would have more room for characterisation than the old four/six-episode format (100-150 minutes respectively). I would urge a note of caution. 'Scenes of domestic life' wouldn't work – you couldn't have an episode where the characters sit around the TARDIS. Making comparisons to *Star Trek – Deep Space Nine* is unfair as they have a large, stable cast. A better analogy would be *The X Files*, where Season Two had major developments whilst the two agents were still pursuing various cases.

Lawrence Pycock
Handsworth,
Birmingham.

PS: I'd check your word processor if I were you – you seem to keep losing your last sente-

Oh, crushingly funny, Lawrence. Just remem

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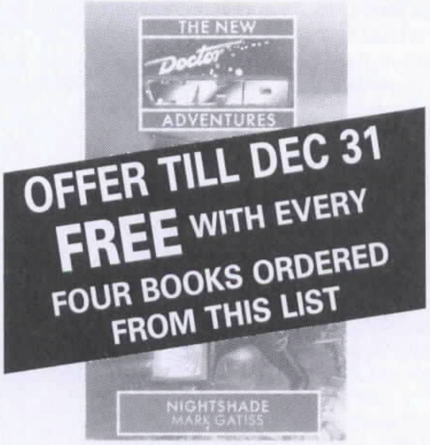

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Shop 'Til You Drop

I first suspected that it was all getting out of hand when someone started offering full-size Daleks for sale. Treating yourself to a three inch Dapol toy as a kind of kitsch ornament for your bathroom is one thing, but what could you possibly want with a life-size Dalek? Surely the *Doctor Who* merchandisers are beginning to take the whole thing just a little bit too far?

The list of *Doctor Who* related products released in 1995 includes everything from gold-plated Dalek pin badges to *Doctor Who* playing cards, from Cybermen lampshades to diamond logo belt buckles. Not only can you record important appointments in your *Doctor Who* desk diary, you can make doubly sure that you don't forget that vital engagement by making a note on your *Doctor Who Radio Times* calendar. And these items are not cheap – gone are the days when *Doctor Who* collectibles came free with a packet of Sugar Puffs or sell-otaped to the cover of *Doctor Who Weekly*. Collecting the full set of eight British Telecom phone cards will set you back £71.50. By the time you have bought the final K9-shaped pawn to complete your *Doctor Who* pewter chess set you will have forked out well over £1000. This is the type of commercial exploitation that would make Sil gurgle in appreciation.

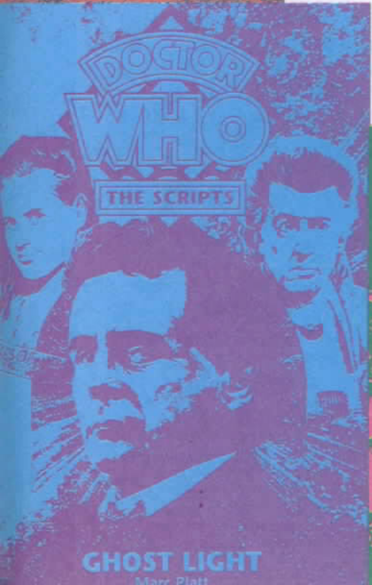
"A must for every true fan!"

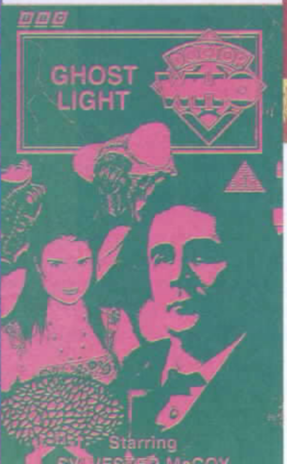
The fan-pound is clearly big business. And it's hard not to feel a little cynical in the face of such rampant marketing. It is clear that the merchandise producers are aware that many fans are collectors and exploit this. The popular image of science fiction fans is of obsessive and indiscriminate consumers. When the American television programme *Saturday Night Live* turned its attention to *Star Trek*, it presented the fans of the series as "nerds", wearing pointy ears and almost wetting themselves in excitement over the discovery of an album of love songs recorded by DeForest Kelly (the Enterprise's Doctor McCoy). Fans are presented as being so obsessive about the programmes that they care about that they will adoringly ogle the most tenuously connected items of merchandise.

The loyalty that fans feel towards their programmes is often exploited by manufacturers who advertise their wares with such slogans as "A must for every true fan!". It is as if simply enjoying the programme is not enough to earn you fan status, the suggestion is that you somehow can't *really* like *Doctor Who* if you aren't willing to fork out a tenner for their own particular brand of over-priced crap.

Before I get too carried away, it would be woefully inaccurate to portray all *Doctor Who* merchandise as tacky charmless tat, made to glitter just sufficiently to attract the eye of the more easily duped fan. Much of *Doctor Who* merchandise is well thought out and well made. Take the television story *Ghost Light* for example. This story must surely be the most commercially exploited slab of television drama ever. Not only have the three episodes been released on video and the serial novelised – the standard fate for almost all stories – but the script itself has been published and the incidental music released on compact disc. Surely there can't physically be any other ways in which that seventy-odd minutes of television drama can't be marketed? This is not to say that these products are of poor quality – the script book, in my opinion, remains one of the most interesting pieces of *Doctor Who* merchandise ever. Marc Platt's essay on writing the story is a fascinating and rare insight into the process of developing an idea into a television script.

ORIGINAL TELEVISION SOUNDTRACK
GHOST LIGHT

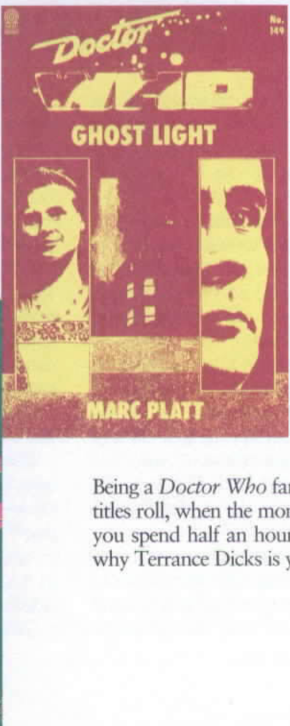




However, I do find myself wondering why we really need all of these products? Are they really important for our enjoyment of the programme? I suspect that in recent years buying merchandise has become a way of keeping oneself in contact with the programme itself. With no new *Doctor Who* on television, buying a video or reading a *New Adventures* novel allows you to experience some of that pleasure which comes from watching a new story unfold in front of you, when there is nothing actually being broadcast. And certainly the success of fan-produced videos such as *Downtime* and *The Airzone Solution* suggest that there is a big market for new *Doctor Who* in one form or another.

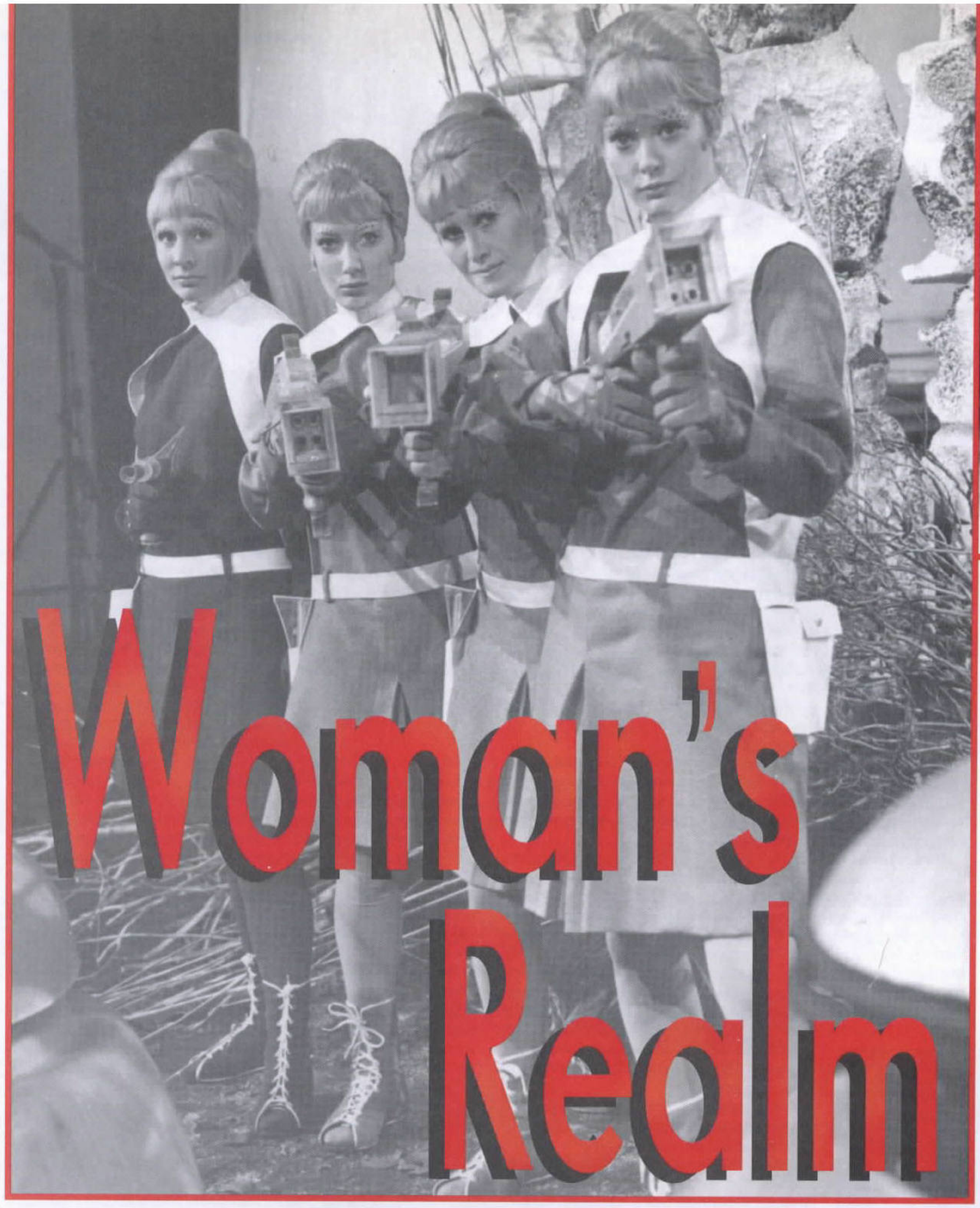
But where will it end? There is a danger that the experience of being a *Doctor Who* fan is changing from a love of a unique and magical television programme into an expensive and unending shopping spree. Surely this isn't what being a fan is all about? Something has gone significantly wrong when our conversations are about release dates of videos and not about the merits of the Pertwee era or the dietary habits of Chumblies.

And what really troubles me is that in the face of such consumer choice, the creative aspect of being a fan appears to have taken second place. With two original novels and a handful of related magazines being published every month (along with short story collections, yearbooks and a stream of factual books) inevitably there is less space on the specialist book shop shelf for that labour of love, the A5 photocopied fanzine. There was a time when this was the only way to find out more about our favourite programme, and it would be a terrible shame if this forum for fans to share their enthusiasm with each other was lost for good under an ever-increasing range of glossy titles.



I'm aware that this is a bit of a rant and I'm really not aiming it at those fans who enjoy collecting *Doctor Who* merchandise. What I am suggesting is that being a *Doctor Who* fan shouldn't be about spending money on *things*, but about appreciating the finest television programme in the world. Being a *Doctor Who* fan should be about that feeling you get when the titles roll, when the monster first lurches out of the shadows and when you spend half an hour madly agreeing with a friend about precisely why Terrance Dicks is your hero.

Matthew Jones



Woman's Realm

In the second half of this interview, *Doctor Who*'s original producer **Verity Lambert** continues her conversation with Peter Griffiths about her initial work on the series, and the resistance she encountered from certain departments within the BBC.

Before *Doctor Who*'s first episode was even broadcast, Verity Lambert and script editor David Whitaker were in trouble with their superiors over the programme content. On one celebrated day in 1963 they were called into Head of Serials Donald Wilson's office and told that their planned second story, Terry Nation's *The Daleks*, was 'rubbish'.

"David and I were both totally demoralised. We'd read this script and thought it was a good serial. Donald called us in and we assumed he was going to say it was terrific. He looked at us and said, 'I think this is one of the worst things I've ever read. It's utterly appalling. It can't go out.' Fortunately the next serial, *Marco Polo*, was not ready, so it had to. Donald said, 'I think this is going to be the end of it!' At that particular time, the BBC were thinking of pulling the show after thirteen episodes anyway – it was a horrendous way of working.

"But to give Donald his due, when the serial went out, he called us in and said, 'I clearly know a great deal less about this than you. I'm going to leave you alone.' I thought that was very wise. He was never disinterested, though. We could always go to him if we had a problem. He was very good on scripts, a very good Head of Department, and a cultured and astute man with high standards.

"I thought *The Daleks* was a terrific story. It was full of incident, a jolly good adventure. You read the six episodes [later seven] and it was like a proper thriller serial with our people involved. Every episode made you want to read the next one. I suppose both David and I felt an enormous amount of respect for Donald, so we began to question our judgment when he said how appalling it was! But we had no choice, we went ahead and we enjoyed doing it enormously. We had an inkling that there was something special about these Daleks, something appealing. A chap called Raymond Cusick designed them brilliantly. I remember going down to the rehearsal room where the operators were learning how to make a Dalek work. We wanted to sit in the Dalek, all of us did. It was like a huge children's toy. We never thought they would work as well as they did, of course – that was inconceivable."

David Whitaker at one point considered making Terry Nation the series' lead writer. "He was certainly in the office on the Dalek serials. He was very much around as a writer. David felt, with good reason, that Terry knew how to write for this kind of genre, and that we should try and get as many stories out of him as we could. It was quite difficult to find writers who could make science fiction work, but not so difficult for the serials set in the past."

Left to right: Maaga (Stephanie Bidmead) and her Drahvin clones in *Galaxy 4*. Photo © BBC; The Tardis crew meet *Marco Polo*; Barbara (Jacqueline Hill) puts the finishing touches to Ian's (William Russell) Roman look in *The Romans*. Photos © BBC Video

The second story also spawned the first Amicus Dalek film. Verity sniffed at the mention of it. "I would have liked some paid input on it! Instead, the producers took me out to lunch and picked my brains. I thought it was awful, actually, so shoddy. They just made a terrible cheapo version. I can't remember even seeing the second one, I was so disappointed with the first. If they were going to recast, Peter Cushing wasn't a bad choice, but why not use William Hartnell? I think a bit more money, a better script and the television cast would have made it work better!"

I asked about the production team's reaction to both the show's initial ratings and the enormous rise during *The Daleks*. "I wanted it to be a success, of course, but 5:15 on a Saturday afternoon was not something we thought would ever get ratings. They mostly occurred later in the evening, I seem to remember. The first episode, as you know, was put out twice – the BBC very wisely decided that there wouldn't have been many people watching television on the day after Kennedy was shot. That was a very astute decision; I wonder if people would make it nowadays?

"From the very beginning the show got quite respectable reviews and was noticed. It seemed to appeal to a much wider audience than that to which it had been aimed. I remember the day after the first episode, I got a call from an American film company saying how brilliant it was, and how the titles were so marvellous. There was a buzz. My contemporaries used to drink at Henekes in the Portabello Rd, and they would all rush home to watch *Doctor Who*. It quite quickly seemed to assume a cult status, and of course once the Daleks burst onto the scene, I think it got into the Top Ten, amazingly enough. We were absolutely over the moon. Sydney Newman [BBC Head of Drama] was thrilled. People like Huw Wheldon [Programme Controller] were thrilled. He had a wonderful childlike quality and enthusiasm. Other people in the BBC were a bit shocked – I think it was the only BBC show that made the Top Ten at that point. They thought, 'How did this little children's show get into the ratings? It's not the sort of thing we do!' There was a bit of snootiness about it. The very first year the show got nominated for a BAFTA and made it to the last four. It was beaten by *The Power Game*, which was a hugely successful adult series."

"There was no overt violence in *Doctor Who* when I did it."

This success had to be consolidated in the crucial weeks following *The Daleks*. Was Verity concerned at airing what was in essence a two-episode filler, *Inside the Spaceship*, immediately afterwards? "It did worry us; we took a calculated risk. I don't think we had any choice. We'd spent too much. We were on a budget of £2,500 per episode, and the combination of *The Daleks*, which was quite adventurous, and *Marco Polo*, which was very exotic, meant that we had to recoup some money. We made a decision that if we could find a good, claustrophobic story inside the TARDIS, then we'd be better to do a two-parter and save money there than have to start scrimping and saving on serials coming up. In actual fact it worked quite well. David found a very good story which had enough tension to cover two episodes."

Susan taking a pair of scissors and stabbing her bed in a frenzy caused something of an uproar. "There was a huge fuss about that. In a sense, that was our ignorance showing. It probably still applies that you have to be very careful when doing programmes for young people that you do not take easily-found household objects and use them as weapons. We made a mistake, we admitted it and apologised. It was an isolated incident, but the Children's Department, who had been waiting patiently for something like this to happen, came down on us like a ton of bricks! Memos were flying all over. We didn't make the same mistake again.

"There was no overt violence in *Doctor Who* when I did it. I objected to it. We used to get lots of letters of complaint about the frights. I had to go on *Late Night Line-Up* with Nigel Kneale, who was very offensive about it. I said to him that first of all, children are brought up on fright. Look at Hans Christian Andersen – that isn't frightening? Children like to be scared. They enjoy hiding behind the sofa, but their parents should be there supporting them. Most parents, unfortunately, use reading, listening to the radio or watching television as a means of getting rid of their kids. It got far more violent later on. Really, I found some of the material in the Tom Baker stuff quite offensive. I hate to say that I would ever agree with Mary Whitehouse, but I do think one or two of those episodes got quite adult."

Director Richard Martin recalls Verity instructing him not to show the insides of a Dalek because it was too gruesome. "I don't think that was the reason. I didn't want to demystify the Daleks and, in fact, what we did was far more powerful. The Doctor took this creature out in a rubber cloak, and at the end of the episode this awful deformed hand edged out. That was much more scary! We had hundreds of letters saying, 'What on Earth was that hand?' All these kids watched the next week because they wanted to know."

Richard Martin also recalls in frank detail his rather fiery relationship with Verity. I broached the subject a little tentatively. "I can't remember having a bad relationship with Richard Martin, but I was brought up by Sydney as a producer, and if I don't like something, I give notes. I'm quite straightforward, and I expect directors to fight their corner – I don't expect them to sit there and say okay just because I'm the producer. In the end, I'm not always right. If a director explains, and I see that I have missed something, I'll say fine, you were right. An argument is never a bad thing, and if you get passionate about it that's fair enough. Too many people don't feel passionate enough. It may be that Richard and I had one or two confrontations of that kind, I can't specifically say. He felt strongly about what he wanted to do, as did I, and sometimes we didn't agree."

Richard felt that perhaps his continually going over-budget didn't endear him to the producer, and that he was sacked by her at Thames Television for that very reason. "I certainly wouldn't have been happy about that. £1000 over [on *The Web Planet*] was a huge amount in those days, so I'm sure we would have had a major confrontation. That I would not take lightly. I don't bear any malice towards Richard, I think he's a good director, but I'm afraid you can't continually go over-budget and get away with it. It's a discipline. In those days it was perhaps easier, but these days you wouldn't last a minute.

"I can't remember sacking him at Thames, but there was no question that if his producer came to me and said, 'This guy's overspent and I don't want to use him,' I would have said, 'Fair enough, that's your decision.' I think he's being a little paranoid if he said I came in and promptly sacked him. The chances are he spent too much and his producer wanted to get rid of him. Unless there was a very good reason, I would support the producer. At some point, somebody has to grow up and take the rap."

Many of the show's early directors were relatively inexperienced, sometimes fresh from the BBC directors' course. Did this adversely affect *Doctor Who*? "I wasn't resentful. Actually, I rather liked it. A lot of really terrific people went on the BBC directors' course in those days, and the directors I got went on, in the main, to do major stuff. While some of them were a bit snooty at first, they soon realised that we were really unrestricted in terms of imagination and found it quite marvellous. The process could be horrendous in some respects because they were not technically that great, and we were working to a tight schedule, but Mervyn Pinfield [*Doctor Who*'s associate producer] was there to help them. I would rather have had those directors than some jaded old-timer who nobody wanted and wouldn't do a good job. It was a show which was made by young people, and I think that was one of the reasons why it appealed to young people.

"Everything about *Doctor Who* was difficult because we were as ambitious as we possibly could be."

"John Crockett was a painter as well as a director, and he was quite an eccentric man. He was perhaps less sure with the actors than some others, but he had a marvellous visual sense – *The Aztecs* looked fabulous. Douglas Camfield was our first production assistant, and he was always terribly enthusiastic and intense. He was very committed to the series and wanted to direct, and as I'd got my opportunity that way, I didn't see any reason why he shouldn't get his.

"I do recall something quite amusing about John Gorrie, who directed Terry Nation's second one, *The Keys of Marinus*. He was a very good director who had just come off the course, very much an actors' director and someone who dealt with people. Science fiction was something of an anathema to him. I remember going into his office to find him with his head in his hands. He said, 'Oh God, I didn't come to the BBC to direct this. I came to do *Oedipus Rex*!' I said, 'Well John, if we do *Doctor Who* very well, we may get to do that!' He laughed, and he did end up enjoying *Doctor Who*. I loved those episodes. They were expensive because we had to do something different each week."

Verity has no memory of the day Henric Hirsch collapsed before the studio recording of an episode of *The Reign of Terror*. "God, what was the matter with him? I've obviously blocked that incident completely out of my mind! I remember who he was, but he didn't make much of an impression on me." John Gorrie filled in in the event, but what would have happened if a director hadn't been found in time? "I think I probably would have done it myself. I'd been a PA and worked with directors for long enough. It would have been camera-scripted, so although it might not have been brilliant, I could have made it work.

"Chris Barry was an old-time director. He was put on *The Daleks* by Donald Wilson to help Richard Martin, because it was our first technical one. Mervyn also felt that we needed a director who knew what he was doing with the cameras to make sure Richard, who had just come off the course, wasn't entirely at sea with the special effects. It worked very well.

"Didn't Richard Martin also do the one with the butterflies? Yes, *The Web Planet* was quite an imaginative one, though I don't think it really came off. I thought we took a really good stab at doing something extraordinary, and I would never blame anyone for trying. We just didn't have enough money. Richard was a very imaginative director, perhaps too imaginative sometimes for the budget! He got some wonderful things into it."

The working atmosphere on *The Web Planet* has been a subject for comment, each department refusing the usual give and take. "It's quite possible that people got more boot-faced about things on those episodes than others, but that's always the way, squabbling for the money. Everyone fights for their corner. It might have been a strained atmosphere, and it *was* very difficult because we had all those bloody things flying about. Richard found it difficult to achieve everything within the time. People were pushed to the limit, which always makes them obstreperous.

"But other episodes were difficult, too. It is a terrible strain making television, and sometimes you have a good atmosphere and everything goes well, sometimes you don't and everybody's on edge. Everything about *Doctor Who* was difficult because we were as ambitious as we possibly could be. We wanted it to be as marvellous and wonderful to look at as we could make it. And I think we mainly succeeded. You have to make so many compromises along the way that if you enter into a project in a spirit of compromise, you don't do good work. You have to start off demanding as much as you can possibly get on the basis that you won't get it all – but you may get a bit more than if you didn't try!"

I asked about the workload that producing *Doctor Who* entailed. "It was pretty heavy, really – one a week for forty-eight weeks of the year. David would commission ideas and storylines, we'd read them together and choose certain ones. He'd get on with that, but I'd be planning one serial at the same time as making another. We'd have a read-through on Monday, rehearse all week and do the producer's run on the Thursday, then I'd be in the studio all day Friday. There would also be a director preparing and casting the next serial, and I used to like to know what was happening. But I had a social life – the theatre, cinema, nights out with friends. It's even more important to have a life outside work nowadays, otherwise there's no point. You're not going to do good stuff if you think, eat and sleep your work."

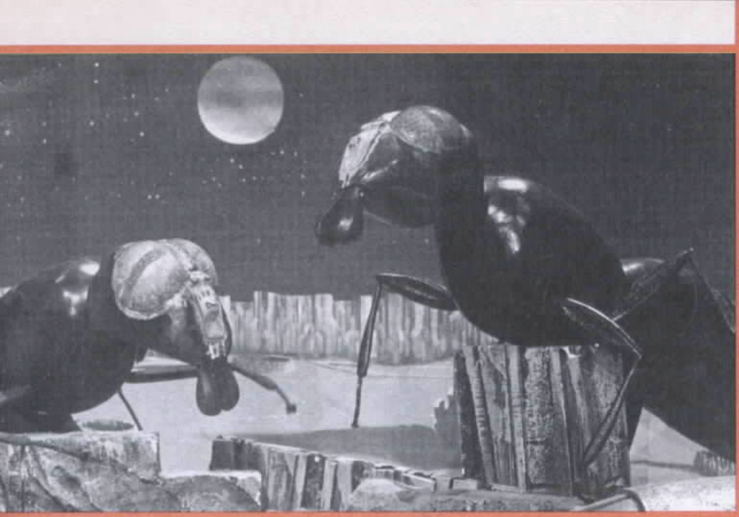
David Whitaker left at the end of the first recording block, and was replaced as script editor by Dennis Spooner. "Working with Dennis wasn't dissimilar, actually. I liked him very much. David and I agreed that Dennis understood how the series worked. He had a comedy background, so there were lots of jokes flying about, and he was a very good script editor." Was Terry Nation ever considered? "I don't think Terry would have done it. He was well away with the Daleks, going to America and so forth. It wasn't a practical suggestion. I think he

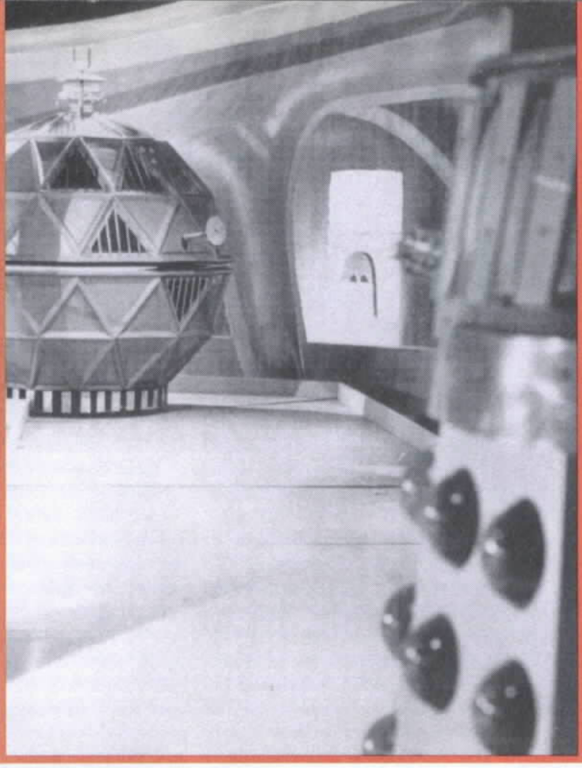
Right:
The Doctor (William Hartnell) meets Frankenstein's monster (John Maxim) and Count Dracula (Malcolm Rogers) in *The Chase.*

Top left:
"The one with the butterflies." Two of the Zarbi in *The Web Planet.*

Top right:
A Mechonoid and a Dalek prepare to do battle in *The Chase.* All photos © BBC Video

Far right:
Verity Lambert today. Photo © Marcus Hearn





suggested Dennis to us as a writer, in fact. They were very good friends."

Under Dennis Spooner's influence, *Doctor Who* veered more towards comedy, perhaps the most vivid example being Spooner's own *The Romans*. "*The Romans* worked for me, but not for the audience. The ratings were not particularly good – they never were as good for the serials set in the past anyway. The audience liked the imagination of the future ones. I loved the comedy though, I thought it was good fun." I explained that *The Romans* has recently undergone something of a reappraisal. "Is that right? It's funny, isn't it? I think at the time *Doctor Who* was serious. It wasn't considered a humorous programme. For us to suddenly introduce comedy in a farcical four-parter as opposed to the odd laugh in an episode was something that people weren't really ready for.

"One of the things that went wrong with *Doctor Who* towards the end was that the people in it didn't seem to take it seriously. They were parodying what it was. It became a bit lightweight and ceased to fulfil the function that those earlier ones did, to have a thrilling story. It may be that because of *Star Wars* and all that sophistication it could never compete, but then again it couldn't really compete in the early days on that budget."

At the conclusion of *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*, Susan stayed behind with David Campbell. How did Verity go about replacing the very first companion? "When Carole Ann Ford left, the minuses in her character became apparent. We couldn't go back to Earth because we'd just been there, but we had to find somebody who was Earth-like. We decided to build up a relationship and a whole new character in a two-part story where we found this young woman who had been lost, an equivalent of those children you find in the forest who've never had any human contact. Maureen O'Brien did a very good job, and she was different – a much more composed, self-contained young person. I think we felt that we wanted to keep that other-worldliness – but we needed the connection with Earth because it looked as if Jackie Hill and William Russell might go. I didn't want Doctor Who to be adrift with an alien – a Dalek or a Cyberperson!"

At this point I produced *The First Doctor Handbook* ("Somebody gave me that book") and asked Verity to read the memos regarding the regulars' contracts. It appeared that the management were not concerned with keeping either Carole Ann Ford or Jacqueline Hill, and I wanted the producer's perspective on this. Verity read intently for a few moments. "I don't know why that was. I can't remember, I'm afraid. I had asked Jackie if she would stay on a bit, but I think she had indicated that she wanted to leave. Because she had said that, I was looking at it on the basis that she wasn't going to stay anyway. I don't think William Russell had said anything about leaving at that stage. As far as Carole Ann Ford playing the younger girl, I think that was just a practical situation – was she getting too old to be a school pupil?

"William Russell and Jackie Hill's departure I thought was a pity, because they were our link with Earth, and that was a terribly important thing which could never be replaced; it tied us into an understanding with the characters. It wasn't repeated until Jon Pertwee's time, but that had its problems because he became an establishment figure. It's nothing against Jon Pertwee – I know a lot of people liked that era very much, but they may have liked it because they felt comfortable with it. That's one thing I thought we should never feel with *Doctor Who*. It should never be comfortable!"

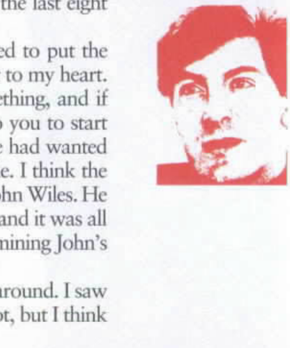
Peter Purves arrived as Steven Taylor in *The Chase*, the same story in which Ian and Barbara left. Did Verity have any problems with casting an actor who had appeared in a different role [Morton Dill] only three episodes before? "No. I think we thought that Peter was so good in the hillbilly role and had such an engaging manner, that he'd be a good person to have on board permanently. It might have been Richard Martin's suggestion; I vaguely associate him with it. We liked Peter and thought he did a good job."

It was a time for change. As the second recording block came to an end, Verity herself decided to move on, and John Wiles was appointed as her successor. "There comes a time when a series needs new input. It's not that I wasn't fond of *Doctor Who*, I simply felt that the time had come. It had been eighteen very concentrated months, something like seventy shows. I know that people do soaps forever and ever, but I felt *Doctor Who* needed someone to come in with a different view. I was right – when Innes Lloyd arrived, he gave the series a new lease of life. I think a big mistake was getting one person to produce the last eight years of the series; it just went travelling down a hill.

"It was a pretty clean break for me. Not that I wanted to put the programme behind me; indeed, it's always been very dear to my heart. But I feel that everybody puts their own stamp on something, and if you're leaving a programme as a producer, it's not up to you to start telling your replacement what to do. Of course, if anyone had wanted to talk to me or ask me a question, I was always available. I think the programme went through a slightly difficult period with John Wiles. He and Bill Hartnell didn't see eye to eye on anything, really, and it was all quite uncomfortable, so I didn't want to be around undermining John's authority.

"I watched the series from time to time if I was in and around. I saw Patrick Troughton, Jon Pertwee and Tom Baker quite a lot, but I think I started to ease off after that. In recent years, I've seen *Doctor Who* very infrequently, I have to say. I didn't like it very much. I found it sad to watch."

"In recent years, I've seen *Doctor Who* very infrequently. I didn't like it very much."



If the series returns to television in some form, would Verity ever go back to it? "In some ways I'd be tempted, but as I said before, we were all young people making it in the early days. I think it's a young people's show, and that kind of innovation is something which is better done by younger people. I don't know what the Americans are going to do. I think they'll cast a British Doctor, but we'll see. *Star Trek* does very well. I watch it, I like it. I think our show did really well against the *Star Trek*s and all that money in the old days.

"Think about the variety of serials which we did – Marco Polo, the French Revolution, Nero, plus all the space ones. I think *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* was probably my favourite story, because I loved that shot of the Dalek coming out of the river, and all of the stuff on location in London. It was just wonderful. The beauty of *Doctor Who* was that it was a format show which didn't really have a format. You could try anything. It was a fantastically interesting and enjoyable experience, and a lot of fun. And I'm very, very proud of it."

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Shelf Life

On video, Sarah's last story
Two novels with scenes that are gory
– In breach of the peace
Or deserving release? –
Dave Owen's the judge and the jury!

THE HAND OF FEAR

The Hand of Fear starts and ends memorably. Following the establishing scenes of the unseen Eldrad's execution by proxy, the action suddenly shifts to present-day Earth where the TARDIS has landed in a quarry. Soon after, Sarah is temporarily buried beneath the debris from a spectacular mining explosion. *Doctor Who* is notorious for its regular and unconvincing use of quarry locations, but for once it is completely appropriate. When the buried Sarah grabs Eldrad's fossilised hand from the rubble she becomes the focus of events for the majority of the story. Although *The Hand of Fear* is a fitting showcase for Elisabeth Sladen's character, it's just as interesting as an example of the Bob Baker and Dave Martin Rule of Economy Script Writing.

BBC
THE HAND OF FEAR
DOCTOR WHO
U
Starring TOM BAKER

This decrees that wherever possible, characters should conspicuously die just before the end of an episode, or alternatively appear only at the beginning of another, thereby ensuring that performers must only be paid for appearing in a few parts of a story rather than throughout. This is immediately noticeable at the end of Part One when the possessed Sarah forces her way into a nuclear power complex, but we are denied any reaction from the control room staff, led by the believable Glyn Owen as Professor Watson, until they're suddenly revealed in Part Two. This economic casting policy does work in the story's favour, however, when Rex Robinson's dreary if worthy Doctor Carter meets his end before he can incur any performance fees beyond the end of the second episode.

This kind of penny-pinching is among the few drawbacks of an otherwise ambitious and well-realised story. A few more personnel would certainly have enlivened Doctor Carter's hospital but perhaps I've been spoilt by the lavish medical dramas of the Nineties. Part Two sags a little, but bored viewers could keep themselves entertained by trying to figure out why the Fission Room at the complex is lockable from within; it's as puzzling as finding a lock on the inside of a microwave oven. The radiation it contains brings the hand to life, making it regenerate convincingly into Eldrad, a crystalline female humanoid with deadly powers of persuasion.

The story really hits its stride from Part Three onwards. By now the Doctor and Sarah had become cosmopolitan occasional visitors to Earth rather than the defenders-in-residence of the UNIT era, and they appear to have as much in common with Eldrad as with the humans she threatens. By now viewers may have completely forgotten the establishing dialogue at the story's outset and believe Eldrad's claim that she is the innocent victim of a corrupt revolution on her homeworld, Kastria. As in the previous year's *Pyramids of Mars*, the action moves away from Earth for the fourth and final episode, and once home, Eldrad assumes masculine form, care of Stephen Thorne, bellowing through another mask to secure his position as the single loudest performer in *Doctor Who*'s entire history.

Much of *Doctor Who*'s magic around 1976 can be attributed to Dudley Simpon's incidental music. Here he provides a theme to underscore the passing of millenia, a suitably funereal background to Kastria, and a sparkling *leitmotif* to accompany Eldrad's reanimation, all of them essential to the story's atmosphere.

Finally, after a record-breaking three-and-a-half years, Elisabeth Sladen bows out as Sarah, in a scene which encapsulates the way that underneath all their bickering and mutually maddening behaviour, the Doctor and Sarah have become the very best of friends. The then-popular episode-ending freeze-frame is employed, not to highlight a cliff-hanger for once, but simply to illustrate that Sarah's travels have come to an end. Her departure, forced suddenly by the Doctor's summons to return to Gallifrey alone, means that *The Hand of Fear* transcends its few earlier shortcomings by ending on a dramatic and emotional high-point.

The Man in the Velvet Mask *by Daniel O'Mahoney*

The first Change was coming. He'd felt the storm brewing months ago. He'd fought against it but his efforts only seemed to strengthen it and darken its edges. The tide would pass across him, scouring his landscape, leaving scattered devastation in its wake. The clouds swirled, darting round him ready to swallow and consume his self. He felt the tears bulging on his eyelids, dribbling down a distant, detached face. The Change was more frightening than death. The Change would destroy part of his self forever. He'd know that for the rest of his lives, and the knowledge would torment him.

One heart, he thought blissfully. One heart, soon to meet its twin.

DOCTOR WHO
THE MISSING ADVENTURES
THE MAN IN THE VELVET MASK
DANIEL O'MAHONEY

THE MAN IN THE VELVET MASK

A number of readers, I've noticed, are keen that *Shelf Life* should give a rating to each item under review to indicate an overall level of satisfaction. I don't do this as I feel that most of the books and videos I look at are complex, multifaceted creations that deserve more attention and analysis than a simple straightforward numerical score. Although I'll try to point out what is significantly effective or less so, I'm occasionally undecided as to whether I actually like an item or not! A perfect example is this month's *Missing Adventure* from Daniel O'Mahoney, entitled *The Man in the Velvet Mask* (ISBN 0-426-20461-1).

The First Doctor seems drawn to historical Paris, having visited it on television in *The Reign of Terror* and *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve*. He returns here with Dodo, after they have left Steven behind in *The Savages*. "Everything I know about history I learned from *Doctor Who*" is an embarrassing claim to make, but true for me, and I suspect many other readers, so I was sometimes hard-pressed to distinguish the historical atrocities of the real 1804 Paris from the imagined ones despicted here.

This Paris is a deeply macabre place, ruled from the Bastille by First Deputy Minski, the dwarf adopted son of the Marquis de Sade. Minski carries out grotesque experiments in his laboratory where a severed head sits on a spike, reanimated by anachronistic science, and he seems to be the key to the changes that have altered, or to be more appropriate, perverted the course of history. A chilling figure, he makes his stepfather seem a gentleman by comparison.

The only comparable *Missing Adventure* is *Managra* – just as that book showed a Sarah still vulnerable after childhood traumas, so here it is Dodo who falls in with a troupe of travelling players. The tone of *The Man in the Velvet Mask* is perfectly exemplified by her liaison with one of the actors, Dalville, who is fascinated by her innocent virtue and longs to corrupt her. It's a far cry from the apparently chaste romances of Susan or Vicki.

Taken as a series of unconnected fragments, Daniel's writing is powerful and descriptive; almost like poetry. As a complete narrative however, the novel is less successful. I found it confusing, and was unsure at times whether to take what I was reading as literal or metaphorical. My confusion was compounded by a mounting fear that I wasn't appreciating many of the references. Although I grinned at the *Blackadder* joke, later when the eponymous masked man utters what sounds like a quotation from a Warner Brothers cartoon, I realised I was way out of my depth. This book needs copious footnotes, a bibliography, or better still, a fully annotated student's edition. With the significance of so much of the book lost on me, it took on a rather surreal quality. If *Managra* was *Doctor Who* as visualised by Terry Gilliam, then here we have Salvador Dali's interpretation.

Perhaps *The Man in the Velvet Mask* is disorientating because it's free of so many staples of *Doctor Who* adventures. For instance, there are no real sympathetic characters other than the Doctor and Dodo, and everyone seems free to come and go as they please, despite the bulk of the action taking place in a city under curfew and the prison that dominates it. Without such comforting dramatic motifs to pivot around, it's just as well that Daniel captures the regulars so accurately. Although in Dodo, the companion without a character, he has a virtually blank canvas to work with. His Doctor is strongly evocative of William Hartnell's performance, especially in a wickedly funny description of his occasional inability to get his words out without stumbling over them.

The book's ultimate theme is explaining how this alternative Paris came into existence, but this is utterly overwhelmed by the intense descriptions of the place. It's not for the faint-hearted seeking a casual dose of nostalgia.

WARCHILD

Warchild (ISBN 0-426-20464-6) doesn't contravene any of the traditional precepts of *Doctor Who*, but contains very little to link it to the bulk of the series. Former script-editor Andrew Cartmel's latest *New Adventure* is completely free of references to the TARDIS; Chris, Roz, and Benny's futuristic origins; or the fact that the Doctor isn't human. It does, however, lead on strongly from *Warhead* and *Warlock*, Andrew's first two books, and includes many of their characters, including Ricky, still in his mother Justine's womb at the end of *Warlock,* and now at high school.

Given that his parents' union formed a powerful psychic weapon, it's not surprising that Ricky has an unusual ability, enabling him to summon girls out of thin air or wordlessly spread his mood among a hostile cowd. This brings him to the attention of the security services, including the Agency which employs Creed, his stepfather. The other main plot strand concerns Roz, who is conscripted to help British security deal with a terrifying pack of dogs who are acting in unison, and forcing Britain into a state of emergency.

I suspect that Andrew took a look at the characters currently accompanying the Doctor, found he didn't like them, and decided to either sideline or modify them. Tellingly, the covers of *Warhead* and *Warlock* depicted Ace holding a gun, whereas that of *Warchild* shows Roz in just that stance. She behaves more like her predecessor, an adept soldier, than the weary police officer she usually is. Chris is packed off ingognito to masquerade as a shaven-headed Buddhist monk at Ricky's school, and Bernice, because she stays in the background with the Doctor, appears very little.

The tone and content of *Warchild* are in keeping with its predecessors; it's safe to say that if you liked them, you'll like this. Animal lovers may wish to stay well clear since the lethally possessed dogs are slaughtered in defence without compunction. A particularly memorable incident has the computerised weapons system of an armoured car programmed to mow down anything the size of a dog, but not as large as a human. What might otherwise be a comic spectacle of two of the dogs getting past the system with one riding on the other, is made grotesque by Creed's realisation that the rider has torn bleeding wounds in the other's back to securely plant its feet in. There's little humour to temper such occasions other than the combat-stress-fuelled banter between Roz and her comrades. The writing style is mature and restrained and together with the subject matter reminded me of John Brunner's *Children of the Thunder*, which also depicts a new strain of manipulative youngsters emerging among marital discord and civil unrest.

Warchild *by Andrew Cartmel*

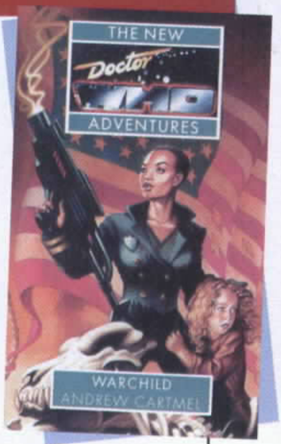
Roz applied the dressing to Redmond's throat. He gasped with relief as the pressure-dressing sealed the wound. Roz gave him a shot and handed him a pad of disinfectant so he could clean himself up; then she settled herself into the driver's seat.

On the main screen she could see the trail of destruction the armoured car had left on its path across the council estate.

"Lousy driving, Redmond," she said.

"You try driving this thing with a bloody dog chewing on one arm while you're trying to stick a knife between his ribs with the other, in between trying to stop yourself bleeding to death."

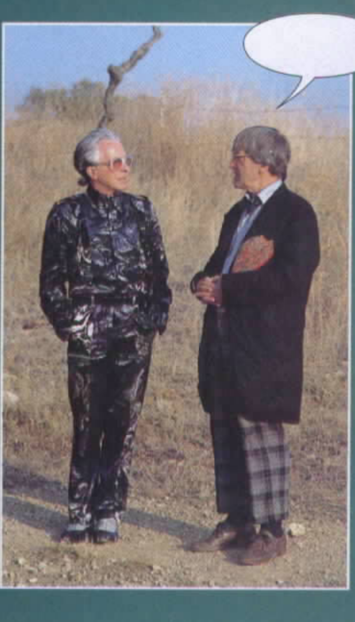
The troubled cast of characters are well-drawn and varied. Creed, although dramatically the book's hero, is no saint, and even succumbs to the temptation of an extra-marital liaison with an office colleague (on her desk, no less!). I liked Pangbourne, the principal of Ricky's school and an unconventional figure, drawing the wrath of reactionary parents for his unorthodox approach to teaching special or gifted children. Told in many short chapters, and switching from one scenario to another in each, *Warchild* holds the reader's attention by letting the disparate characters' points of view unfold, gradually revealing that their stories are linked.



The first two instalments of this trilogy were made refreshingly different by featuring the regulars less, and telling the story in a leisurely and more detailed style than other *New Adventures*. *Warchild*'s storytelling is just as measured and adult as *Warlock*, but it introduces far fewer new or shocking ideas. I hope that Andrew Cartmel will write more *Doctor Who*, but he must now strike out on a new course.

Both these month's novels are more adult in approach than *Doctor Who* ever was on television, and they achieve this in completely different ways. Diversity is one aspect of the television series that I'm delighted to see the books retaining. ◆

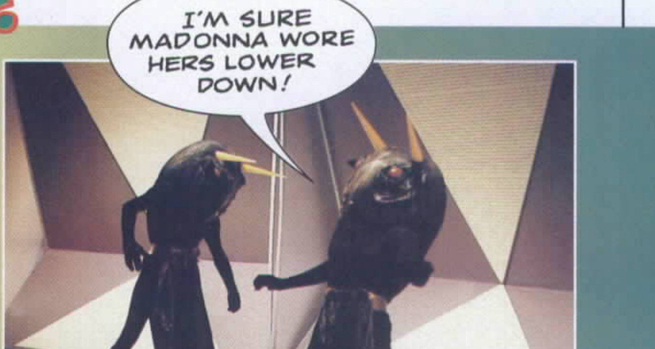
Crazy Caption!



Here is your chance to win one of TEN copies of *The Hand of Fear*, kindly donated by BBC Video.

Just come up with the funniest caption you can to go with the picture shown on the left. The best ten will win a video. We'll print a few of our favourites in a future issue.

Send your entry on the back of a postcard to CRAZY CAPTION 235 at the editorial address on page three.


I'M SURE MADONNA WORE HERS LOWER DOWN!

Crazy Caption 231 result

Well, we've judged this month's *Crazy Caption,* and the favoured entry, from **Adrian Townsend** of Retford, is shown above. Now there's only the final duty of sending out the winners' prizes. The ten copies of *Paradise Towers* are held in the high-security compound on the third level of the basement at Marvel Towers. The specially-made tungsten vault, a by-product of the space race, contains **DWM**'s competition prizes, my salary for the coming year, and our top-secret set of colour photos of William Hartnell shaking hands with Patrick Troughton on the set of *The Tenth Planet,* which I'm personally hoarding for a future book deal. The safe is watched over by Terry, Marvel's ever-vigilant security guard, whose favourite *Crazy Caption* entry was "Watch out! You'll have someone's eye out with that!" from Neil Fox of Stourbridge. You can forgive him though, he has spent a lot of time alone down there.

Second Time Around

Opposite: Peter Davison during an early photocall for the Fifth Doctor. Photo © BBC

THE JOHN NATHAN-TURNER MEMOIRS

CHAPTER THREE – SEASON NINETEEN

Although Peter had yet to be seen as the new Doctor other than in the closing shot of *Logopolis*, he, his wife Sandra Dickinson and I were invited to our first American *Doctor Who* convention while we were still making Season Nineteen.

We set off to Tulsa, Oklahoma in August of 1981 as the guests of the North American *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society. We stayed at the Camelot Hotel, which was shaped like a castle and had a shield-shaped pool with Excalibur buried in a large stone in the middle of it. The building was bedecked with flags, and had a drawbridge and a practical moat – and we had bodyguards with guns!

Whenever we finished our interview panel or autograph session, we were escorted back to our suites by the guards, and at least one was constantly posted outside our doors and stayed there all night. Sandra called her guard 'Dirty Harry', and whenever she opened the door, he leant on the door-jamb and said 'Can I get you something?' in a rather heavy way. We were forbidden to go anywhere without the guards, but we were otherwise treated extremely well.

My suite was on two floors: it had two bathrooms, two televisions, a dining table for eight people and five sofas in the sitting area alone. This was split-level and had an amazingly stocked bar. Though extremely comfortable, we were 'lost' in these suites. Sandra scattered possessions and clothes all over their rooms to make them look lived in. We just couldn't understand why we couldn't go anywhere without Dirty Harry and company, though at a press conference one of the reporters asked if Peter feared for his life, bearing in mind the then-recent demise of John Lennon! Charming.

In the end I couldn't bear it any more. I left my suite, told the guards that I was going to the hotel bar *alone*, and headed off. They started to follow me, saying that I shouldn't go, it was dangerous and that the bar in my suite was fully stocked. I ended up blowing a gasket, and stormed off to the bar unaccompanied.

It was quite busy; I sat alone, thinking how distant the US fans were, until the friendly face of British fan and merchandise dealer John McElroy appeared and asked to join me. Within minutes there was a crowd of people, mostly American, chatting away in the same manner as every other convention I've been to. Apparently the convention-goers had been told that we didn't want to speak to anyone!

The rest of our expenses-paid trip was much more relaxed and it was interesting to note that many of the American fans who attended conventions were female, making it very different from the rather male-dominated fandom of this country.

THE FIVE FACES OF DOCTOR WHO

Because Season Nineteen was to be transmitted twice-weekly, it meant that the season would last a mere thirteen weeks. It was scheduled to run from January through to March. Consequently there was to be a nine-month break in between series – the longest ever – which I felt was a dangerously long gap.

Until this time it had always been considered inappropriate to repeat stories 'out-of-Doctor'. In other words it was unacceptable to show Jon Pertwee's stories while Tom Baker was the incumbent Doctor. I put forward a strong argument to abandon the whole 'out-of-Doctor' ruling and keep the programme on the boil with a series of repeats entitled *The Five Faces of Doctor Who*. Once the idea was accepted, all the repeat paperwork had to be done.

In the *Doctor Who* office there was a file for every single story – they never went to registry like other shows because it was still an on-going series and you never knew when the files might need to be referred to. Similarly, we kept a copy of every script – these were particularly handy when writers wanted access to scripts for novelisation purposes or if the particular story no longer existed in the Film and Videotape Library, but it did mean that the offices of myself, the script editor and my secretary were jam-packed with stuff.

Once we had to move offices for some reason and Noel Harvey, who organised such difficult assignments, described the *Doctor Who* office as "like trying to run Walt Disney from a shoe box."

The *Five Faces* season was successful both as a series in its own right and as a prelude to Peter Davison's fully-fledged debut in *Castrovalva*.

K9 AND COMPANY

Just prior to Peter's first season hitting the screens, *K9 and Company* was transmitted. We had originally intended calling the show *A Girl's Best Friend*, but it was felt on the sixth floor at TV Centre that K9 should feature in the title. It was my idea to centre the story on black magic but, on reflection, it was a little strange that it was scheduled so close to Christmas.

It has been suggested in Peter Haining's *Key to Time* book that the the spin-off didn't develop into a series because of disappointing audience figures. This is simply NOT the case. It got an audience of about eight and half million three days after Christmas Day. Well, frankly, in my home we're sick to death of television by Boxing Day, let alone December 28th! The powers-that-be were happy with the figure and the show, but there was a change of control at BBC1. Bill Cotton moved on and Alan Hart became the new Controller. Whenever a new Controller takes charge, there are major changes. It's understandable; a new person takes the top job at Channel One, and wants programmes made the way *he* wants them rather than sticking to predecessors' ideas. Look at Michael Grade and Jonathan Powell when they got the job later. Look at me when I took over from Graham Williams! I'm sure you see the point. I was delighted with the fact that a year later the spin-off was repeated and gained a similar audience!

Terence Dudley actually wrote the script with Bill Fraser in mind to play Bill Pollock, and the director John Black and I were delighted when he accepted the engagement. Lis Sladen was splendid in the show, and John Leeson is a positive bonus to any production. Planning decreed that we made the studio section of the programme in Birmingham . . . it's amazing how many years I spent getting away from the place I was born, only to constantly return there on business.

I wanted the opening titles to be in the style of two very successful American series of the time. The graphic designer had other ideas, but I was insistent. We used the crash/split/zoom techniques of *Hawaii Five-O* and the glamour and glitz of *Hart to Hart*, with Lis in as many different costumes as possible – there should have been more, but we ran out of time. Were it ever thus?

I had to return to London during the filming of *K9 and Company* and when I got back to location, the shoot was way behind. I returned for the sacrifice sequences and was amazed to discover some fans from Bristol in a remote area of the Cotswolds. I asked how they came to know we were there. It transpired that one of them lived nearby and had telephoned his friends in Bristol and they had dropped everything to travel up to location. We got so far behind on our last night-shoot that instead of travelling to several different graveyards as planned, we shot all the sequences in the same one, with John Black choosing clever angles so as not to make it obvious. As a result, we got back up to schedule. I also recall that we had to dub a final section of the show the day before it went out. As I was spending Christmas in Birmingham, I finished it off myself to save John Black from having to travel to Birmingham over Christmas for a couple of hours' work.

FOUR TO DOOMSDAY

For a variety of reasons, we made the stories of Season Nineteen in quite a different order from that in which they were screened. As usual, I'll discuss them here in production order.

I had worked on *Barlow at Large* with Graham Williams when I was a production manager, and I was stunned by the professionalism of Alan Stratford Johns. He was a great choice for the guest villain in *Four to Doomsday*, though I recall him being upset at the thought that he would be unrecognisable. All involved managed to reassure him, however, that with his distinctive voice and presence, not to mention that make-up – rather than a mask – was being used, there would be no doubt as to who was who!

Four to Doomsday had a Terence Dudley script, which was perhaps rather traditional in style. Nevertheless, it was stylishly directed by John Black. This was Peter Davison's first story, in production terms. I remember that Peter felt uncomfortable about 'topping' such a powerful actor as Alan Stratford Johns. I reassured him after my run-through, telling him that while he might think 'he' couldn't dominate Alan's performance, the Doctor could. This meant that he should readjust to the power of the role. I'm sure this helped reconcile Peter's fears about tackling mature and respected actors at this relatively early stage in his career.

When an performer moves overnight from supporting actor to leading actor, there are bound to be fears and concerns, and there is, to be frank, a slight feeling of trepidation from the Doctor in this story, aside from the new Doctor's scripted vulnerability. However, you need only look at other Doctors' first stories to note a similar feeling of insecurity in taking on the mantle of such a powerful television character.

The 'wet vet' tag was unnecessary, unjustified and inaccurate. Peter was a splendid Doctor who, in my opinion, went constantly from strength to strength. He never stinted in his application towards the job in hand, although his recent surprising comments in a documentary that the show was "crap" were hurtful to the man at the show's helm.

THE VISITATION

Enter Eric Saward. Eric was an experienced radio writer who was brought in by Chris Bidmead, nurtured by him and Anthony Root, and later suggested to me by both of them for the role of script editor. I was impressed by his writing and liked him as a person. It is strange that you can work with someone for five years and never actually get to know them. Then they leave the show, and they write 'kiss and tell' stories, saying things they never had the guts to tackle you about while you employed them. I have had nearly ten years to consider what Eric Saward said in his extraordinary attack on me after his departure, and I intend to redress the balance at the appropriate time in these articles.

In recent interviews in **DWM** with others involved with my time on the show, there is a distinct picture that emerges of a producer who said what he thought had to be said to people's faces and then got on with the job. I never held back my opinion about anything and everything on the show; others seem to have been more two-faced about theirs.

At this time, however, my main worry about *Plague Rats*, as *The Visitation* was originally called, was with the character of Richard Mace. It was written as an old actor-manager-laddie, with wit that leapt from the pages of the script, and I was concerned that my efforts to suppress the humour so prevalent towards the end of Tom's era were going to be thwarted by such an over-the-top character. I think it was the director, Peter Moffatt, who suggested Mike Robbins, and my initial thoughts were focused on a charity show I'd co-produced at the Victoria Palace, London, in which Mike performed a song/poem (written by Peter Ling) as a Hare Krishna – he brought the house down. However, Peter was persuasive and Michael, for me, struck exactly the right balance.

Peter Davison was very keen that his Doctor should solve problems with everyday objects found in the Doctor's pockets: a safety pin, a paper clip and so on, and he also wanted 'a piece of string' to feature heavily. He felt that there was something to be gained by the Doctor solving problems by always using the said piece of string. I wasn't keen on the idea particularly, though in this story Peter managed to use the string to measure the wall in the cellar set.

It was during this story that we dispensed with the sonic screwdriver. My feelings about this device were much the same as those I had for K9, and the two gadgets have many similarities. It's all too convenient for the writers. So you start to limit the abilities of K9, by way of example, because it makes every problem so easy to solve. Before you know it, you're devising reasons why the all-powerful can't be all-powerful! The screwdriver can open any lock, except ones that the script editor, the producer or indeed some of the writers themselves, think should be excluded, because there's a much more interesting way of solving the Doctor's imprisonment. It had to go. I have no regrets.

KINDA

The reason Sarah Sutton was not in Parts Two and Three had nothing to do with her contract. It was to do with the script.

Chris Bailey's fable was commissioned before we decided to have Nyssa join the TARDIS crew. When the script came in the editor and I decided that there was so much texture and event in the script as it stood, the insertion of another character would be a mistake. So, Nyssa was left behind at the start of the adventure and retrieved at the end.

Nerys Hughes is one of my most favourite people. We first worked together on a serial entitled *How Green Was My Valley*. Not only is she a talented performer, she laughs a great deal and having her in the show was a delight. I wish I could say the same about the snake, although we did treat the picture afterwards to make it a little more palatable.

Peter Grimwade did a nice job on this story, though the jungle set caused endless headaches. Every time we moved to a different section of the jungle, the floor had to be swept for the cameras, at the same time attempting to make sure that huge areas of flat, white, studio floor were not visible. We did get behind on the recording, chiefly because of this, and I remember Peter having to instruct the actors to forget what had been rehearsed and to merely run in to a stop mark, say the lines and run out. Not ideal programme-making to say the least.

CASTROVALVA

On the walls of Graeme McDonald's office were a set of Escher prints which I didn't like. I always tried to position myself with my back to them, but this wasn't always possible. I found them disturbing, as many of them are optical illusions. I still find them so. The drawing of Castrovalva, which is not an optical Illusion, was the inspiration for this story. It was a little joke by Chris on me.

The bulk of the location work took place on Lord de la Warre's estate. I remember arriving on the first day and greeting what I thought was the gardener, only to discover that it was the Lord himself. He had allowed us to film on his estate, giving the facility fee to charity, but with one condition – he had his photograph taken with the TARDIS. A *Radio Times* photographer took the picture, which we had framed as a thankyou for his co-operation. One evening after the wrap a select few were invited for drinks in his library: the regular cast; Fiona Cumming, the director; Margot Hayhoe, the production manager and myself. We didn't stay long, as we were muddy, wet and dishevelled, but the gins his lordship poured were enormous. This was not the sole reason for returning to his estate for the filming of *Black Orchid*, but it may well have been the start of the evening that led to poor Matthew Waterhouse's much-discussed 'illness' on location the following day. I certainly recall a group of us playing darts very badly, whilst imbibing way into the night.

I decided to recap the end of the previous story, *Logopolis*, at the start of Part One of *Castrovalva* for two reasons. Firstly, I liked it, and secondly, I felt it was necessary to establish, for the new and the casual viewer, what had occurred previously. The re-edited version of the regeneration did, of course, omit the second set of the Doctor's flashbacks.

Over the years, many knowledgeable fans helped the programme makers with the show. No one person deserves particular credit; there were so many 'fan' people that wanted to help in any way they could. Ian Levine was one such person. His knowledge of the most minute details of any episode was, and I'm sure still is, amazing. But then David Saunders, Andrew Beech, Tony Jordan and many others also aided and abetted us in our endeavours. Ian sometimes helped us track down excerpts, clips etc: in particular the sequence of "Doctor!" shots that we had used in the Baker to Davison regeneration, though I'm sure he'll agree that many of his first suggestions were either too wide, too brief, or too far off the eye-line of Tom's final close-up. Anyway, hats off to all those who helped us over the years. It wasn't, with the greatest possible respect, a case of our not being able to do it without them; when all is said and done, they were all dying to contribute with whatever means they could muster. However, at times they helped us – nay, begged to help us – in a totally casual and unofficial capacity. Consequently, I am surprised that some people now wish to capitalise on their volunteer work. Many of them I still meet and chat with; others I have barely laid eyes on for years. Some of them seem to want unwarranted credit for their help, and some don't. I had a major hand in casting Peter Davison in *A Very Peculiar Practice*, persuading the director at the behest of the producer that he was ideal; but I didn't ask for a credit as a casting consultant on the series!

When we were making *Doctor Who*, a sort of verbal short-hand came into play in the gallery and on the floor, we tended to refer to "the Doc" rather than "the Doctor", and as we had three companions, rather than saying "Adric, Tegan and Nyssa" when discussing a note or a camera instruction, we referred to them as "the kids". This was never meant as an insult, it was just simpler than "the companions". However, a deputation, led by Janet Fielding, came to see me to ask if another word could he found. Janet, in particular, didn't like being called a 'kid'. We never really did find a suitable name!

BLACK ORCHID

I originally intended to direct this story myself, but because of the inclusion of *K9 and Company* in the schedule, I decided against it. It was directed by the late Ron Jones, whom I'd also known for many years previously. I think I'm right in saying that this was Ron's first directing credit. I often gave *ingénue* directors an opportunity to direct *Doctor Who*, and wherever possible I tried to partner the director with a two-parter or an easier four-part story than the norm. Then if this worked out, I'd ask them back to do a fully-fledged, more ambitious script.

Ron did a very nice job indeed, though we didn't actually complete the story. We just didn't have time to record the first scene of Part One, which established 'The Unknown', the feet and the secret door. Writer Terry Dudley was upset about this too, so we 'created' a scene using shots from other sequences. I think it just about tells the story, thanks to a heavy dub which attempts to paper over the cracks.

It was during the production of the epic costume drama *The Pallisers* that I got to know Barbara Murray, Michael Cochrane and Moray Watson, and they threw themselves whole-heartedly into the project. My close friend, Gary Downie, was on hand to teach the regulars to dance, book the professional dancers and stage the musical offerings. This was a double bonus, as we couldn't actually afford to pay a choreographer!

The stunt fall at the end of the story very nearly proved catastrophic. Gareth Milne set out the usual supply of stunt mattresses and cardboard boxes at his estimated point of impact. Now, normally with a stunt everyone gathers around. Painters who have been sought for hours suddenly materialise, as everyone takes their place to admire the stuntman's work. There is nothing sinister about this; it's just that everyone watches and usually applauds. On this occasion the cameras were rolling, Ron called action and Gareth took the fall . . . but part of his legs missed the boxes and he hit the ground with an almighty noise. No-one applauded. People ran to see to Gareth, who fortunately was not seriously injured, but the noise on the soundtrack is actually the noise made by part of his body landing on the cement. Within minutes he was back shinning up the drainpipe for another sequence. A true professional.

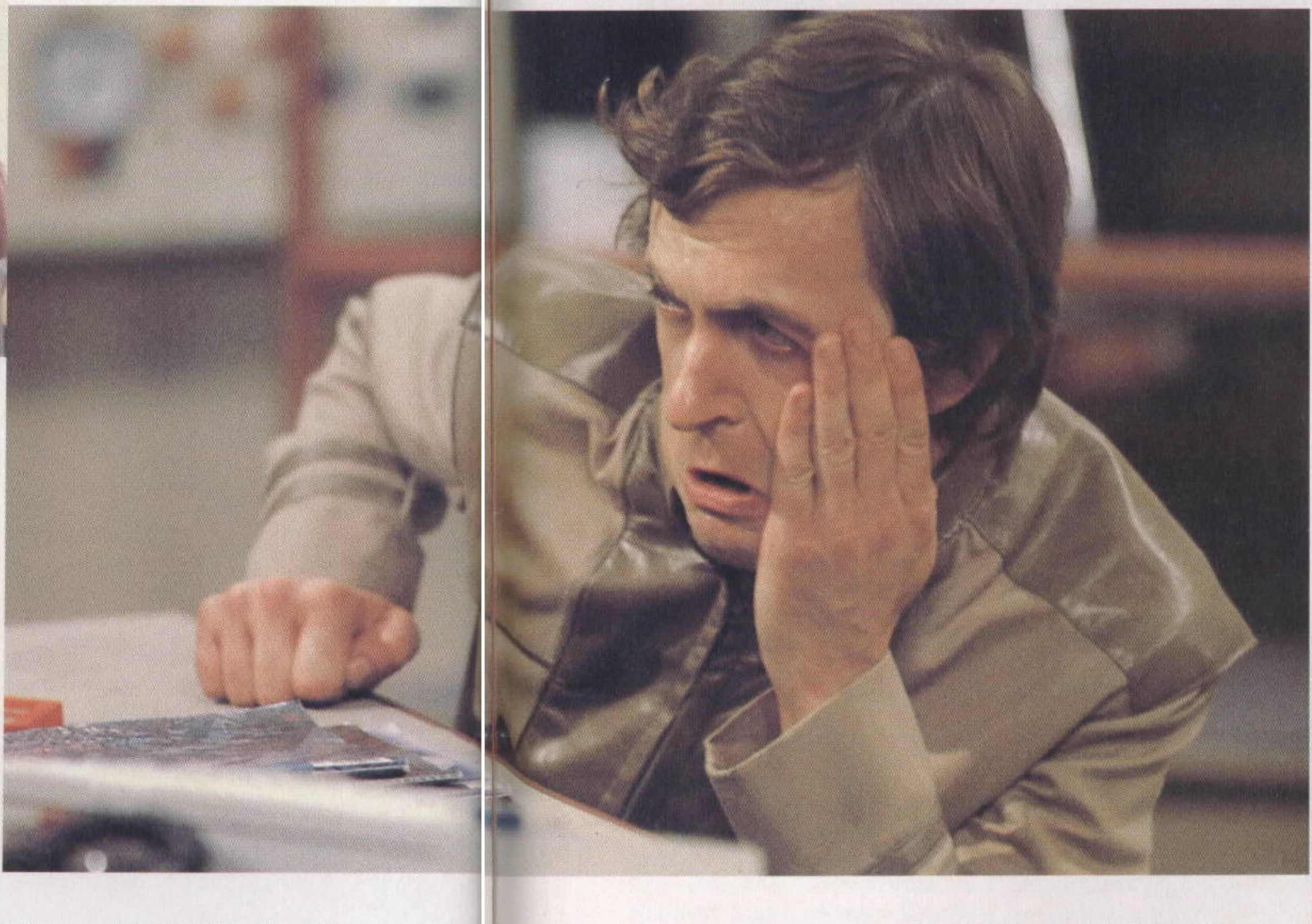
EARTHSHOCK

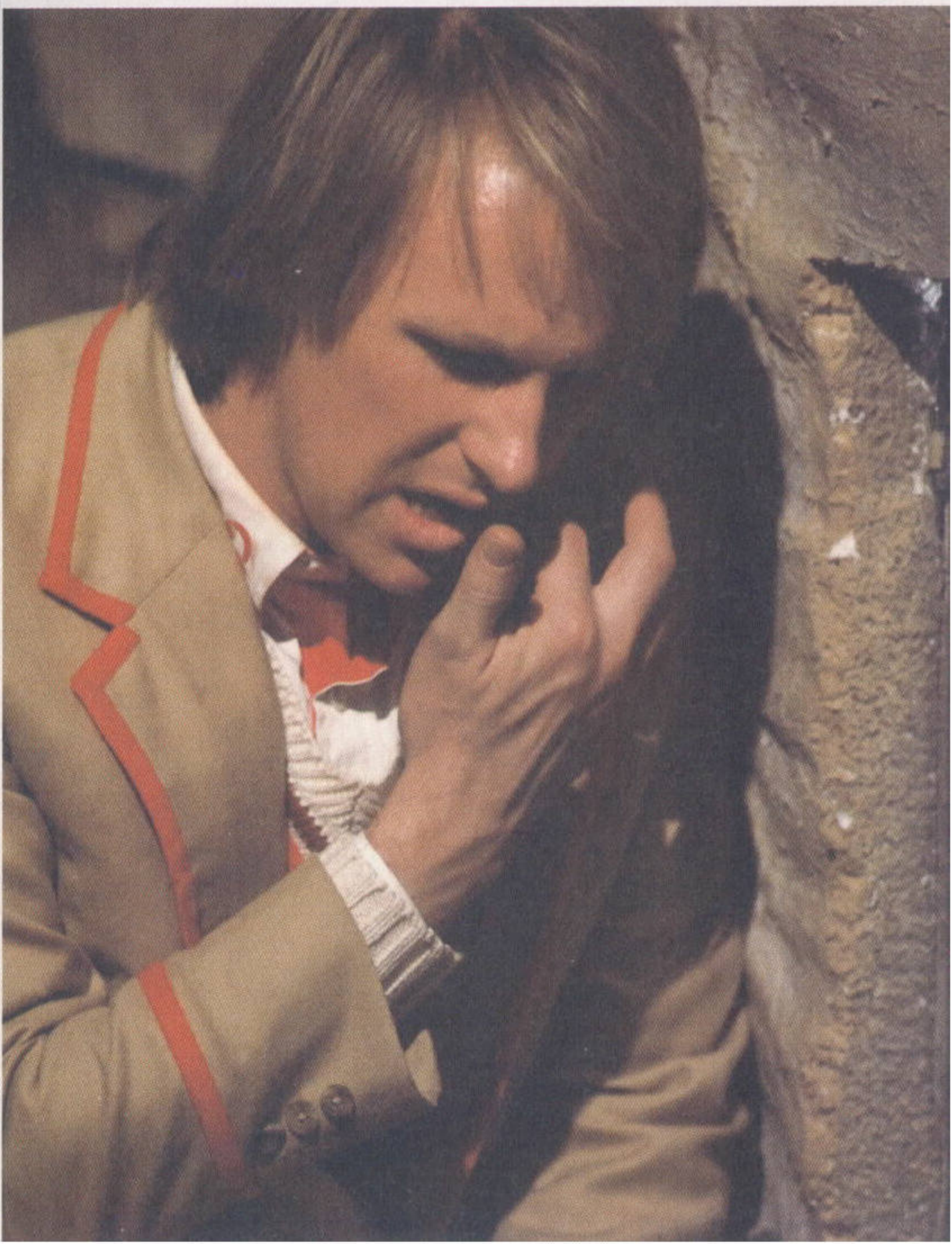
I note with interest that over the years some stories acquire the label 'classic', then a few years later they appear to be universally slated. This story seems to be a recent example. Well, I like *Earthshock* a great deal. It is full of action and adventure, and Peter Grimwade worked extremely hard on Eric Saward's ambitious script. There were so many scenes – more than 300, I believe – and it had to be recorded at break-neck speed.

Beryl Reid was (and still is) a tremendous character, though it was clear that she did not understand the complexities of the story. When she appeared on Peter Davison's *This Is Your Life*, she said she'd thought warp drive was somewhere off the Edgware Road!

In June Bland we had one of the country's most underrated character actors. June had been Bill Sellar's wife, and she had choreographed me, would you believe, many years before in a charity show. June was quite brilliant as Beryl's sidekick, both on and off the set, and surreptitiously made sure that Miss Reid was preparing the right speech for the right scene in the right episode.

Left to right: Nyssa (Sarah Sutton) and Tegan (Janet Fielding) discover the Zero Room in *Castrovalva*; Hindle (Simon Rouse) begins to loses his tenuous grip on reality in *Kinda*; the Doctor (Peter Davison) struggles to defuse the Cyberbomb in *Earthshock*. Photos © BBC Video

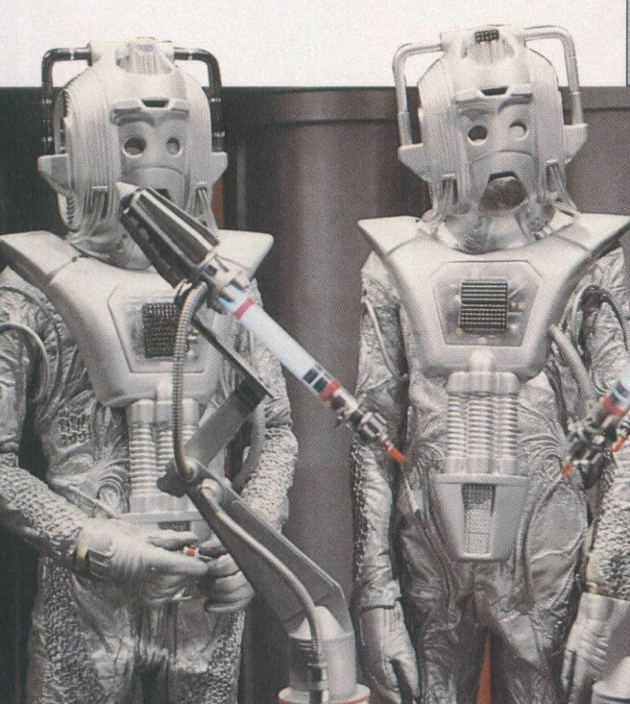




Peter was a splendid Doctor; he went from strength to strength.

When the show was transmitted, Peter Davison's television was on the blink. Apparently the brightness was turned up and couldn't be adjusted. He called to tell me that Eleanor – a trainee production manager attached to the show – was actually in shot for quite a substantial period, turning over pages of the script. I couldn't believe it. We had gone through all the stages of post-production and no-one had spotted her. Mind you, you did have to have the brightness turned way up to see her. However, one of us should have noticed it before and done something about it.

The story ended with the death of Adric. I hadn't told Matthew how he was going to leave, though, of course, he knew *Earthshock* was to be his last full story. The scripts were sent out while the cast were rehearsing the previous story. Peter Davison called me to say that Matthew was cross with me for killing Adric off. This became apparent when Matthew sent me to Coventry for a while. When we did finally start talking again it emerged that he didn't want the character to die, as he thought it meant he couldn't ever return. I reminded him that the TARDIS also travels in time. Stupid boy!



From the top: Producer John Nathan-Turner poses with his cast Janet Fielding, Peter Davsion and Sarah Sutton on location at Heathrow Airport; Peter Davison with the star of *Time-Flight*. Photos © BBC; The Cybermen from *Earthshock*. Photo © BBC Video

I recalled the staggering effect the death of Martha Longhurst in *Coronation Street* had on me, when she expired over a milk stout in the Rover's Return. The titles went by without the famous signature tune. This provided the inspiration to end *Earthshock* in a similar fashion. The BBC switchboard was jammed, and the following day there were lots of calls to the office from concerned parents with inconsolable children, who couldn't distinguish between the actor and the character. I was able to tell them that Matthew would be making an appearance in *This Is Your Life* that week, and their children should tune in.

I had to live with the secret of the red book for several months. Sandra Dickinson was, of course, in on the secret, but my staff – also kept in the dark for several weeks – couldn't understand why Thames TV kept calling. On the day of the surprise, I had to get Peter to Trafalgar Square in costume on some pretext, where the TARDIS would be erected. I told Peter we were doing a presentation trailer for Australia. I even wrote a script for it! It was arranged that I would take Peter to lunch and then we'd travel by limo to Central London. Early that day Sandra rang the office in a panic; she was needed at the *This Is Your Life* rehearsal as soon as possible. Could I get Peter out of the house? I obliged. I asked him to come early to the office to deal with urgent fan mail. We made him sign letters, books, records – anything we could find. Then we went to lunch. If you've ever seen the *Fawlty Towers* episode which features the characters trying hard to "not mention the war", then you can imagine how I felt – my mind was filled with the words '*This Is Your Life*' – it was murder! Anyway, it all went well in the end and gave *Doctor Who* some excellent publicity. It's sad that they cut off the Trafalgar Square pick-up sequence so quickly, as Peter looked around for me and shouted, "Where is he? I'll kill him!"

TIME-FLIGHT

When Peter Grimwade came up with the idea of using a Concorde aeroplane in a *Doctor Who* story, my associate and I entertained British Airways and British Airways Authority executives in Television Centre's Bridge Lounge. I remember the famous Biddy Baxter sitting at the next table with her *Blue Peter* cast, having a row about the quality of the grapefruit! The lunch and meeting went reasonably well and both sets of executives requested approval of the script. I explained that the BBC was not prepared to part with editorial control, but that we would listen to any objections they might have. One of them was a bit off about this, so I simply whispered to my associate, just loud enough to be overheard, "What time are we seeing the Air France people?" Within a couple of days we had been granted full use of a British Airways Concorde on the ground, unlimited stock footage, as many Concorde models as we wanted and all for no charge. The only change they wanted to make to the script was to alter "We've lost Concorde!" to "We've mislaid Concorde!"

The head of public relations at British Airways was quite formidable; ferocious even, and she kept insisting that the casting of the crew members should reflect British Airway's high standard. She turned up on the location shoot to make sure. Michael Cashman, Keith Drinkel and Richard Easton, all very witty and amusing actors, hadn't been on set at this time, so they were informed that it was essential they behaved well in front of the BA dragon. Now, whether it was the fact that their make-up gave them fabulous sun-tans, or whether they just liked their uniforms, but when they were finally called out onto the freezing cold roof of one of the airport buildings, they were shrieking and giggling, being totally outrageous. The dragon turned to me and said gruffly, "Perfect casting!"

There was never any possibility of shooting prehistoric Heathrow on location. We were shooting the story in mid-winter with very short filming days and the amount of location work required would have been impossible to complete, so that was always a non-starter.

The twice-weekly transmission had put the programme into a slightly different context. I know that around about this time the BBC was searching for a new twice-weekly serial to run throughout the year. In fact, Saward and I worked with writers Hazel Adair and Peter Ling on a re-vamp of the Sixties soap-opera *Compact*, which was to be retitled *Impact*, but sadly it never got off the ground. I always suspected that the annual change of transmission days for *Doctor Who* during its three years of twice-weekly broadcasts was used by the BBC to establish the best days to transmit the favoured soap-opera, which eventually emerged as *EastEnders*.

As a result of this type of transmission, I again decided to end the series with a cliff-hanger: this time, Tegan being left behind at Heathrow. There was no ulterior motive in this ploy other than generating interest in the series. It was always planned that Tegan would return the following season. "The mouth that walks", as the character was dubbed in America, was too popular to part with . . . yet.

The viewing figures for the season were good. I had been appointed as a fully-fledged staff producer during the season and received a special BBC award for my work. Then I was asked by the Head of Department if I would produce another season. It would be my third. I agreed – provided it would also be my last!

◆

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Gallifrey Guardian

BBC request addition of top adversary to new script

Daleks return to exterminate McCoy

A second draft of Matthew Jacob's script for the planned two-hour *Doctor Who* made-for-TV movie is now in circulation, and includes a substantial number of changes requested by the BBC.

To recap events for non-regular readers, the TV movie has been in the pipeline for some months, and is a co-production between BBC Worldwide (the BBC's merchandising and marketing wing) and the American giant Universal Television. Independent producer Philip Segal, who claims to be a long-time fan of the series, purchased the rights to *Doctor Who* several years ago, and is the man in charge of bringing the show back before the cameras.

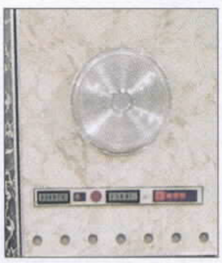
The production process has been slowed down by the complicated nature of the co-production deal, which guarantees right of script approval to all parties – including the Fox Network who will hopefully screen the TV movie in the United States. The second draft of the script is substantially different to the first, and is currently under consideration by the BBC.

This new version re-introduces the Doctor's most popular enemies, the Daleks, in a special pre-credits sequence. The production team hope that the most recent actor to play the Doctor on British television, Sylvester McCoy, will accept their offer to reprise his role in this opening scene, which will include a regeneration sequence to introduce the new Doctor. It has been suggested that this opening is designed only to be shown with the British version of the story – American viewers less familiar with the show would join it at the start of the adventure proper, which revolves around an Earth of the near future threatened by the Master – but this is unconfirmed.

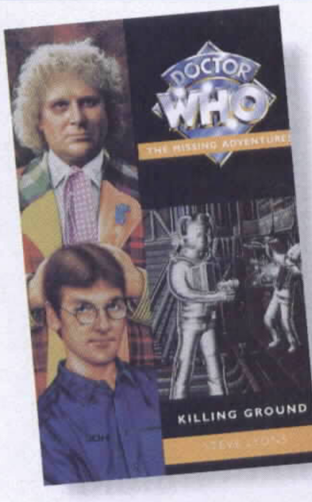
There is no definite news yet concerning the casting of the lead role, although certain sections of the press have this month linked the name of *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* and *Sapphire and Steel* star David McCallum (pictured above) with the part. Neither of the co-production partners have been willing to confirm or deny this rumour to **DWM**, so healthy scepticism is recommended.

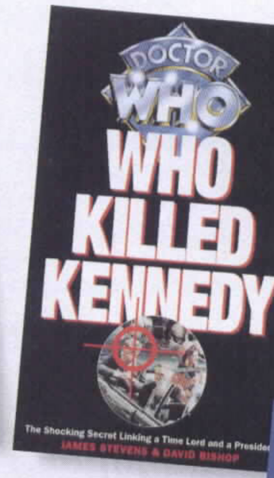
No official party is willing to 'name a date' for a start to the production, but a BBC source close to the production has stated, "things are now happening."

Competition



We have ten complete, and now highly collectable, sets of the **Doctor Who Poster Magazine** (see *Other news*) to give away, as part of our New Year office spring clean. To be in with a chance of winning a set, simply (ha!) identify the story from which the detail of a *Doctor Who* set shown here originates. Send your answer on the back of a moody and atmospheric postcard to **EIGHT DOWN, NONE TO GO** at the editorial address on page three.

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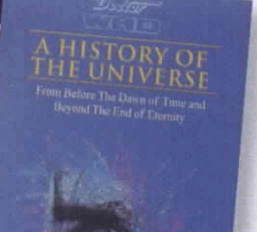

DOCTOR WHO
A HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE
From Before The Dawn of Time and Beyond The End of Eternity
LANCE PARKIN

Other news

- Virgin has informed us that next September's *Missing Adventure*, previously announced as *The Secret of the Web Planet*, is now called *Twilight of the Gods* (the same name, interestingly enough, as one of Marvel's early **Doctor Who Weekly** comic strips).

Shown here are the covers to: June's *Missing Adventure*, *The Killing Ground* by Steve Lyons, which features new companion Grant Markham (who appears to be a self-portrait by Alister Pearson!); April's *Who Killed Kennedy*, a spoof conspiracy theory investigation by David Bishop and the fictitious journalist James Stevens; and Lance Parkin's *The History of the Universe*, an oversize paperback to be published in May, which is adapted from his highly-acclaimed amateur publication *The Doctor Who Chronology* and weaves a self-consistent history around events depicted both in *Doctor Who* and the *New* and *Missing Adventures*.

- Sadly, we have to announce the cancellation of the **Doctor Who Poster Magazine** after eight issues due to disappointing sales. All subscribers will be refunded.
- BBC1's *The Eleventh Hour* time special, broadcast on 5th November, featured a decidedly different Doctor: presenter Howard Stapleford disappeared in the TARDIS outside TV Centre, wearing a Tom Baker-style costume. He was joined by 'companions' Cheryl Baker and Toby Anstis, and re-materialised in the studio, claiming that *The Eleventh Hour* is "the show that reverses the polarity of the neutron flow!"

Outside the Spaceship

Obituary: Charlie Gray, one of the Kinda from the serial of the same name, died on 27th October aged 84.

Doctors: Peter Cushing was celebrated in *The World of Hammer* on Channel 4 on 22nd December, but at the unearthly hour of 4.25 am.

Patrick Troughton could be seen as Tyrell when Channel 4 broadcast the film *Richard III* on 8th December.

Jon Pertwee's performance as the Duke of Costa Brava could be savoured when BBC1 broadcast *Carry On Columbus* on 21st December.

Sadly **Tom Baker**'s role of Professor Geoffrey Hoyt is no more. *OTS* 233 reported a further series of *Medics* had been commissioned but a late decision was taken by the ITV Network Centre to cancel the series due to declining ratings. Prior to the bad news, producer Louise Berridge had commented that "Tom has such a natural affinity with the loneliness of his role that he even writes some of his speeches."

Peter Davison made a return to radio as station manager David Clare in the Radio 2 comedy *Change at Oglethorpe* which began on 7th December. UK Gold begin another run of *A Very Peculiar Practice* on 28th January with Peter as Doctor Stephen Daker. Fans of Tristan Farnon will be well-fed when BBC Video commences *All Creatures Great and Small* Season One in June (four episodes) with a further two monthly thereafter.

Colin Baker guested on Radio 2's Debbie Thrower programme in November promoting *Great Expectations* in which he plays Magwitch, a part previously played by **Patrick Troughton** in a BBC TV adaptation. After Birmingham the show moves to Norwich (see *OTS* 229). Thereafter the remaining tour dates are: Three weeks commencing 5th March - Opera House, Manchester (Box Office 0161 236 9922); w/c 26th March - Lyceum Theatre, Sheffield (B/O 01142 769922); 2 w/c 2nd April - King's Theatre, Edinburgh (B/O 0131 220 4349); w/c 16th April - New Victoria Theatre, Woking (B/O 01483 761144).

Theatre Doctor **Trevor Martin** played Pommes Frites in Radio 4's comedy serial *Monsieur Pamplemousse Investigates* during December.

Companions: William Russell took the role of Angus in Steven Berkoff's adaptation of Shakespeare's *Macbeth* broadcast on Radio 4 on 28th December. The 1955 World War II naval film *Above Us the Waves*, in which William played Ramsey, was shown by Channel 4 in November.

The fund-raising activities of big-screen Ian, **Roy Castle**, were celebrated by ITV in *Roy Castle: Look Back and Smile* on 19th December.

Maureen O'Brien played Susannah in the Radio 3 drama *David* by Tina Pepler.

Peter Purves presents both Saturday and Sunday live radio shows on BBC Northampton and is Video and Audio director for the recently formed conference management company HSA Conferences. He also runs Presenters Training Courses for the BBC at Elstree.

There was an opportunity to see **Wendy Padbury** when Channel 4 broadcast the 1970 horror film *Blood on Satan's Claw* during November in which she played Cathy alongside Antony Ainley's Reverend Fallowfield.

Caroline John seems to have a legal fixation at present having played the Barrister's Wife in *It Might Be You*, the BBC Screen One film about the National Lottery shown on 23rd December, and the judge during the Nigel Bates custody hearing in *EastEnders* during November.

Louise Jameson recently directed and compiled a theatre production *Wotcha Will* at the Trinity Arts Centre, Tunbridge Wells. She could be heard as Solokha on 23rd December in the Radio 4 Saturday Night Theatre play *Christmas Eve* by Nikolai Gogol, adapted by Stephen Wyatt (*Paradise Towers/The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*). Peter Jeffrey (*The Macra Terror/The Androids of Tara*) was also in the cast.

Dominic May

COMING IN ISSUE 236

Nicola Bryant

The actress who played popular companion Peri Brown remembers her time with the Fifth and Sixth Doctors in a candid interview.

The Keeper of Traken

A complete archive on this Fourth Doctor adventure, with behind-the-scenes facts, story details and unseen photos.

The Dragon of Hyacinth Lodge Part One

by Alan Barnes

The Doctor and Jo find themselves in Hyacinth Lodge; an ideal place to sit back, relax and enjoy the sunshine. It only has one slight drawback: no-one has ever left it alive . . .

Black Destiny Part Two

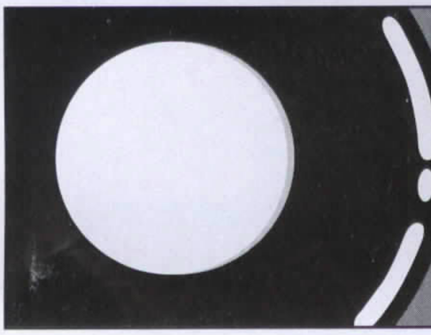
by Gary Russell and Martin Geraghty

Gregor Arkady's dream moves one step closer to fruition – and all of Russia may be destroyed by the result . . .

The John Nathan-Turner Memoirs

Doctor Who's longest-serving producer continues to recall his time at the series' helm, now focusing on the anniversary year, Season Twenty . . .

on sale 15th February



The most fearsome force for evil in the known universe is coming to Issue 237 of Doctor Who Magazine.

You are more than human . . .

STOP PRESS

The Ghosts of N-Space, the *Doctor Who* radio serial featuring Jon Pertwee, Nicholas Courtney and Elisabeth Sladen, has been moved forward in its scheduling. The six-part story will now begin broadcast on BBC Radio 2 on Saturday 20th January 1996 at 7.00pm, and continue in this timeslot until 24th February.

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